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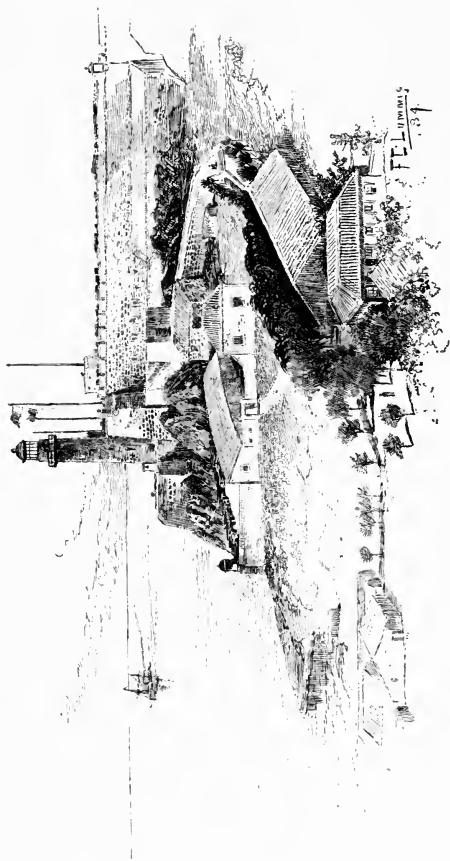












MORO CASTLE AND BAY OF HAVANA.

*Frontispiece.* ]



A SONG

OF THE



SLE OF



UBA.

*AS SUNG BY THE ESTRANGERO  
TO THE TUNE OF HIAWATHA.*

BY

JOSEPH A. NUNEZ.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1885.

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MAIN

## DEDICATION.

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TO THE HON. BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER.

*My dear Sir,*—A friendship between us, of so many years that I dare not number them, creates the reasonable desire that you should accept this dedication in the spirit with which it is tendered. I know you will do this, for, besides that chivalric nature, and elegant culture, that has always distinguished you, there is a grand appreciativeness you display that encourages the most modest merit, and makes you—

“E’en as just a man  
As e’er my conversation coped withal,”

and which, without hyperbole, justifies me in declaring that—

“Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath sealed thee for herself.”

Sincerely,  
Your friend,

JOSEPH A. NUNEZ.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1884.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## PREFACE.

---

THE *Estrangero*, who has elected to present himself to the public in the mantle worn by one of much higher inspiration than he can pretend to, claims that said garment, though second-hand, is no more injured by previous wearing than was the mantle of Elijah, that, dropping from his shoulders as he ascended to loftier inspirations, descended upon the form of the humbler Elisha.

The *Estrangero*, in his many visits to Cuba, and who has spent a considerable portion of the past three years there, had accumulated, from current observation and especial memoranda, such a quantity of valuable information, some of which had, apparently, escaped the notice of former writers, that he had designed putting the results of his labors and reflections in prosaic habiliments for the purpose of publication. He had contemplated the adventurous act of launching a book of travels, in the usual form, upon the treacherous waters of

popular favor, but was advised that there was no market for prose-ware *of that kind*, and that his boat would be wrecked before she could get out of sight of the land.

The arguments which impressed him unanswerably were, that it is equally useless and unprofitable to attempt to supply a demand which does not exist; and that, no matter how fondly parental affection may regard its offspring, it cannot, in the eyes of the unprejudiced, transform homeliness to beauty, or awkwardness to grace; not even though the case should be presented with the eloquence of a Cicero or the vehemence of a Demosthenes.

It is melancholy to have one's beatific visions disrupted by this kind of *argumentum ad hominem*, especially if the favorite vision has the irresistible attractiveness of a "bantling of the brain;" but if the world will not adopt our ideas, and, at the same time, will adopt our favorite nursling, it is wise to modify those ideas, and to offer for its consideration another member of a literary progeny that had previously been considered as only a sort of a foster-child, and so constrain its applause by the sacrifice of our own pet foibles, and the adoption of the channels that had found favor with an imperious disposition.

Now we know, on the best authority, that "all the world's a stage," and that

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more;"

yet we all want—no matter how indifferent may be our talents in the play-acting line—to have *our* "hour" with some *éclat*. We all hunger for the applause of the "Gods of the Gallery," as well as for the *vivas*, *bravas*, and *encores* of the scented darlings of the private boxes and dress-circle; and, though we may agree in theory with the melancholy Hamlet when he says that the opinion of one judicious critic should outweigh "a whole theatre of others," we—the less sublimated spirits—would prefer, when "treading the boards" *to a crowded house*, to have that whole theatre *with us*, and that judicious critic *against us*, than the reverse of the proposition; both on the ground of invincible vanity, and of a latent faith in the doctrine of the *vox populi*, and the fallibility of individual judgment. This conclusion is arrived at by the same mode of reasoning that impresses a man on trial for his life, and causes him to infinitely prefer the voices of the *eleven obstinate jurors* voting to acquit him to the mellifluous tones of the remaining juror and sound, judicious philosopher, who would treat him to "a long rope and a short shrift!"

While the *Estrangero* does not agree with a celebrated writer who describes the trumpet of fame as

only a penny toy, he does not deny the assertion that very few really achieve fame, while very many attain to an evanescent notoriety,—

“Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away  
Another as bright and as shining comes on.”

And yet, when the matter is seriously considered, what is the real difference between fame and notoriety? Ask it of “the pious fool who built the Ephesian dome,” and of “the aspiring youth who fired it!” Ask it of Priam and Sir Pandarus, of Cæsar and Catiline, of Lorenzo de’ Medici and the Borgia, of William the Silent of Orange, of Henry the Third of France, and of the large-hearted and dauntless Henry of Navarre, and their mercenary and bigoted assassins, and let their answers be compared, and they all may be consolidated into the oracular statement that “the world is redundant with fools who are ever ready to accept an empty sound as a rounded significance, and without an analysis, or even superficial investigation.”

There is yet another consideration—more important than mercantile values or relative longevities—in the mind of the *Estrangero*, and which has had much weight in inducing him to adopt verse instead of prose, as the vehicle of conveyance of his facts and his fancies to the hospitable reception of his desired readers, and that consideration consists in

the fact that a poet's *language* will linger longer in the memory of his own and future generations than will the *words* of a prose writer, whose *name* only will be preserved, save in the memories of students and scholars. The masses, as Dean Swift has very humorously and epigrammatically remarked, will treat prose writers as they do the nobility,—“learn their titles and boast of their acquaintance.” From Homer down, the very language of poets is familiarly quoted; while orators, historians, philosophers, theologians, and scientists are known principally by name, and by the titles of their celebrated works.

Even Mother Goose is quoted, word for word; and every voice, from lisping infancy to second childhood, can recite “Hickory Dickery Dock” and “Old Mother Hubbard;” while but very few can recite continued passages, or even single paragraphs, from a Xenophon, a Plato, a Pliny, a Tacitus, a Bacon, a Newton, a Montesquieu, a St. Pierre, a Humboldt, a Sheridan, a Pitt, a Burke, a Webster, a Clay, or a Motley. Now, while the *Estrangero* does not claim to have said, in the following poem, anything that is great or original, he does entertain the hope that he has said something that will be quoted by some of the little people, smaller than himself,—something that has a tendency to make some *one* better and wiser than he would have been without this; which, in this wise, may be rescued

from premature mortality, and become one of the feeble

“Footprints on the sands of time.”

If such should be the case, he will never regret having sung his “Song of the Isle of Cuba,” for he will feel that his mission has been accomplished, and that he has not lived in vain.

J. A. N.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

### *New York to Cuba.*

ON the road we have to travel,  
From New York to Isle of Cuba,  
On that first-class steamer "Newport,"  
Ere we leave Manhattan Island,  
We might spend much time descanting  
On our native land's perfections,  
And its wonderful resources.  
We might catalogue all Gotham,  
Then depict North River scen'ry,  
And the wonders of Niag'ra ;  
We might speak of Castle-Garden,  
And its singular transitions,  
And its numerous transitions ;  
Give descriptions of the harbor,  
And enumerate the vessels :  
From shrimps to the leviathans ;  
From pilot-boats to palaces,  
That dash o'er ocean's surface ;

That perfect a panorama,  
Taking in both land and water,  
That the world, with all its treasures,  
Never will attempt excelling;  
Never will excel in beauty.

We might cultivate the pilot  
Ere he glides into his small boat;  
Charge him with some light commissions;  
With *congees* for Quarantine ground,  
And *P. D. A.'s* for Sandy Hook:  
We might sketch such vivid pictures  
Of live fish and of the ocean,  
With its green waves and blue waves,  
That the artists of salt water—  
Those whose *forte* is marine pictures—  
Might grow green with jealous fancies;  
Might grow desperate to madness,  
And to suicidal mania.

But the question of *cui bono*?  
Rises up, and, like a Mentor,  
Says,—and speaks with voice authentic,—  
“Many volumes have been written,  
Ay, whole libraries are printed,  
On the subjects just referred to,  
And man’s threescore years and ten are  
Much too short for repetition  
Of the things already well said.”



Now this *Mentor's* my soul's father ;  
Dictator and Gamaliel,  
Whose wise counsel is adopted,  
Both because it is wise counsel,  
And because it fits so nicely  
With the counsel inculcated  
By a cynosure in rhythm,—  
In the rhythm of this poem ;  
Who has said, in other rhythm,  
“ Art is long, and time is fleeting ; ”  
Which is quoted as sound doctrine ;  
As a precept to be planted  
Where 'twill fructify and flourish,  
Till much nonsense is dispensed with ;  
Till mere words are expurgated ;  
And all feel, as feels the poet  
When he adds, in sweetest accents,  
“ Life is real ! life is earnest ! ”  
And *we act* as if believing  
Every word and every sentence,  
So redundant with the outgrowth  
Of a purer spirit's being,  
That would free all other spirits  
From contaminating drosses,  
And instruct all feeble visions  
To *look upwards* without blenching.

*Plymouth Church.*

Yet 'tis wise to mingle mirth with  
E'en the best of information,  
And the soundest of good sermons,  
As in Plymouth Church is oft heard  
From its independent preacher ;  
From its comprehensive thinker ;  
From its orator so famous  
That no other preacher living,  
*As a preacher*, ranks before him !  
Though, in politics, his neighbors  
Think he grows, at times, erratic :  
That he wrongs a splendid preacher  
When he aims to be a statesman ;  
Yet they all admit his stature,  
In his spiritual vocation,  
And they yield their admiration,  
As a voluntary tribute,  
For his scope of mental power ;  
For his vividness of fancy ;  
For his copiousness of language,  
Freighted always with bright thinkings ;  
For his soft, persuasive accents,  
Building hopes in desert places ;

Cooling ploughshares for ordeals ;  
Lifting brambles from the pathway,  
O'er which bleeding feet must travel ;  
And in dark and frightful caverns,  
And in many crooks and crannies,  
Letting in the cheerful sunshine ;  
Placing Light like Truth with Error,  
Making Light and Darkness grapple,  
And believing that the great God—  
That the Universal Father—  
In the time He has appointed,  
Will be ever found defending,  
And in spite of obscuration,  
The Right, which He created !  
The firm principles of Justice !  
The supremacy of pure Light :  
And without a cloud to dim it !

These the doctrines which that preacher  
Is *a power* in expounding ;  
And he goes about in missions,  
Where his right hand and his left hand  
Make no vaunting publications,  
But look on, and show no signs of  
Their quiescent approbation,  
Of appeals made to all sinners,  
Sinning 'gainst mere man, or heaven,  
With a force of rushing torrents,

And without regard to custom ;  
Like Samaritan of first class !  
Caring not for rags nor purple,  
But with fervency believing  
That men are, and should be, brothers !

### *Sanitary.*

Solid food, and only solid,  
May do very well for yeomen,  
Or for troops they call Beef-eaters—  
Who were once the pride of England—  
And for Esquimaux on icebergs ;  
But, if beef alone is eaten,  
Then the noble brain grows beefy,  
And the soul becomes quite stagnant,  
And the stomach grows dyspeptic ;  
And there is disintegration,  
And, besides, conglomeration,  
In the private social system,  
In the personal arrangements,  
Or the personal derangements,  
Of obfuscated mankind ;  
Of its limbs and vital members !  
So, by leave of gracious readers,  
When we prose we'll not be prosy,

Nor permit *them* to grow dozy ;  
Nor dig mines long since exhausted ;  
Nor tell tales that have been thrice told ;  
But will change, as suits occasion,  
And will sometimes wear the motley,  
Like fair Rosalind's attendant,—  
Like the quaint and witty Touchstone :  
Or, we'll moralize with Jaques—  
(All the actors call him Ja—ques,)  
And will preach from “As You Like It”  
With the good Duke—Ros'lind's father ;  
And like him, will find sound sermons  
Wedged in stones, and books in brooklets,  
And find some “good in everything.”

*—Pecromantic.*

With this hope,—by aid of magic,—  
Such as authors, by prescription,  
Since the days of Æsop's fables,  
Or the Golden Fleece excursion,  
Have controlled in wild profusion—  
We have flown, on wings of morning,  
Shaped firm cobwebs mixed with dew-  
drops ;  
Left a continent behind us ;

Crossed a glassy waveless ocean ;  
Scorned experience in sea-sickness ;  
And we stand, like the McGregor,  
Or like Dickens' Micawber,  
With our foot on native heather !  
That's on Cuban native heath, set ;  
Which squares well with Gilbert's Gen'ral,  
Who, in op'ra of the " Pirates,"  
In " The Pirates of the Penzance,"  
Claims a tomb of recent purchase,—  
Crammed with bones of former owners,—  
As containing *his* ancestors,  
And because, forsooth, he bought them !

### *Chivalric.*

But avaunt ! all meaner topics ;  
*Place aux dames !* is now the watchword,  
And we bow as deferential  
As King Arthur, or as Bayard,  
Or the Admirable Crichton,  
Or as Louis, called the Great, might,  
Or as might Sir Philip Sidney,  
To the *Queen of the Antilles !*

## A SONG OF THE ISLE OF CUBA.

---

SHOULD you ask me whence these  
    musings,  
Whence these singular descriptions,  
Which, with odors miasmatic,  
And with fragrance unarabic,  
Curling most from vile *cigaros*,  
Made from stumps, picked up at random,  
By the gutter-snipe *Celestials*;  
Who, from filth beyond description,  
Gather eagerly those fragments  
That would nauseate the stomach  
Of a hog, with much *trichina*,  
Or a mangy dog or monkey!  
Which delectable dark gleanings,  
They, with very doubtful cleansing,  
And with aid of nimble fingers,  
Or mechanical contrivance,  
Pass through easy transformation  
Into cigarettes exquisite,  
That so gratify the palates,  
And so soothe the nervous systems

Of our lady-killing dandies,  
Of our modern dilettanti,  
As they roll them, with much mincing ;  
As they hold them 'twixt their fingers,  
'Twixt their alabaster fingers,  
'Twixt their long-nailed taper fingers,  
While they watch fantastic figures  
Curling smoke is generating  
For their special delectation !

*Celestials Uncelestial.*

And these gutter-snipe Celestials  
Never can become familiar,  
But are optical delusions  
To most optics European ;  
While the everlasting Yankee  
Finds them like the laws of physics ;  
Like *attraction* and *repulsion*,  
And is forced to gaze upon them,  
By power of the basilisk,  
When he fain would shun their presence !  
What a wish for mundane creatures !  
Shun the presence of Celestials !  
But these gutter-snipe Celestials,  
These poor Asiatic "mudsills,"



Have no heavenly airs about them,  
But may bring, like Hamlet's father,  
Blasts from—from—a horrid country,  
And a very torrid country!  
Yes, these Celestials uncelestial,  
Are the pig-tailed sons of China,  
Whose occipital appendage—  
Their long queue of black and coarse  
hair—

Is a personal adornment,  
And esteemed affiliation  
With their native land so distant;  
Where, in spite of all rough treatment,  
Their hopes turn as to a magnet,  
As the home for life's declension,  
Or the grave for death's concealment.  
Such the hopes in the dim future  
Of these almond-eyed Celestials,  
Who are, judging by appearance,  
(By the mummified appearance  
Of their skins so dark and waxy,  
Of their skins like old tanned leather,)  
Older than their god Confucius;  
Thinner than a poplar shingle;  
Browner far than any berry;  
With their baggy nankeen breeches,—  
That's supposing they wear breeches!

Men who never wore a clean shirt,  
And, perhaps, not e'en a soiled one,  
Though they "Washee!" "Washee!"  
"Washee!"

In unmitigated measure,  
And with breath that knocks a mule down,  
Or might please a turkey-buzzard!  
They come here to make a living,  
Which they get by occupations  
Even negroes scorn to stoop!  
And they live like pigs in pig-stye,  
Amidst odors unlike roses,  
Not the least like double jasmine,  
Or the fragrant young verbena,  
Nor akin to the sweet vi'let,  
Or the heaven-climbing woodbine;  
Not as sweet as honeysuckle,  
Not linked to rose geranium,  
Or "balm of a thousand flowers,"  
Or to any other flow'ret  
Worn by ladies in their dresses,  
Or to decorate their tresses,  
Or to carry in their fair hands,  
Or to dangle from their girdles!  
Not a bit like "Lubin's Extracts,"  
No, not even like pond-lilies,  
Nor like "Lundburg's fav'rite toilets;"

But with odors one's blood curdles,  
Till one thinks of making hurdles  
To drag Chinamen down to—well,  
To a place that is not heaven,  
Though it might be—Chinese heaven !  
Judging from the Chinese samples  
That still keep crowding on our sight,  
And by underbidding labor  
Where 'tis thriving in our cities ;  
By competing in all fact'ries,  
Where they work for almost nothing,  
They're disgusting our olfact'ries,  
Both with actions uncelestial  
And with smells that shock our noses !

*The Queen.*

Should you question of these subjects,  
And a multitude of others,  
With a faith there's no beguiling  
In its sober-sided firmness,  
I should answer ; I should tell you ;  
Yes, would tell you the whole story ;  
All I know about the matter,  
Of the famous Isle of Cuba,  
This great Queen of the Antilles,

Who this season rather ill is  
At the low price of molasses,  
And the fall there is in sugar,  
Beyond saddest calculations ;  
Which fair Queen of the Antilles  
Was discovered, as we all know,  
And was captured by Columbus  
In mistake for the *East Indies*,  
And became a precious jewel,  
To be worn and sparkle brightly  
In the diadem of Old Spain ;  
When Old Spain, with rising glory,  
From her wisdom and her prowess,  
Under Ferdinand the Prudent,  
And her pious Isabella,  
Her most gracious Isabella,  
Was eclipsing other nations,  
Both in arms and in her commerce,  
And in her conquered countries,  
And gave promise in the future—  
Which came striding like a giant—  
To be mistress of the whole world !  
And with her veteran army,  
Led by dauntless vet'ran chieftains,  
To dwarf Macedonian Phalanx,  
And to shadow Roman Cohorts,  
And to send her streaming banners

Where the Phalanx nor the Cohort,  
Nor the bravest Roman Legion,  
Could have dreamed there was a footing,  
And where ne'er a Roman consul  
Could have bid the Roman eagles  
Wing their flight for Roman conquest.

All I know about this jewel,  
This bright Queen of the Antilles,  
I would tell you with much pleasure,  
But should tell you in instalments,  
Or, perhaps, in quarter-sections ;  
Waiting till each quarter-section  
Might be properly digested ;  
When, in answer to loud calling ;  
To *encores* and much applauding ;  
To a host of eager voices,  
Like the warblings of song-birds,  
From unnumbered bright-eyed damsels,  
And from artists of all classes ;  
You may see the footlights burning,  
And the stage illuminated ;  
The whole house in festive costume,  
As the high-toned curtain riseth ;  
As orchestral music swelleth,  
To an instalment's graceful bow,  
And to a quarter-section's nod !

Should you ask me which instalment,

Or which special quarter-section  
Of the blooming land of Cuba  
We elect by secret ballot,  
And propose inaugurating,  
We should tell you without fearing  
The false charge of engineering  
Some paltry advertising dodge.  
'Tis Cardenas we will start with,—  
Not because the most important,  
Or most picturesque in seeming  
Of all cities on this island,  
But because it is so well known ;  
And because I've lived there lately,  
And been very kindly treated,  
And I rather like the city  
Better than its sister cities.

*Matanzas.*

Than Matanzas, its near neighbor ;  
Though that claims more ancient lineage,  
And it boasts a cave of crystals,  
Which has long been celebrated  
As a first-class Cuban wonder,  
And not difficult of access ;  
Yet I like Cardenas better  
Than Matanzas or Havana !

Even better than Havana,  
With its antique Moorish castle,  
With its castle on the hill-top,  
Frowning on the sheltered harbor;  
Seen by ships as they're approaching,  
Or by ling'ring looks departing;  
Always seen with eyes of interest,  
And for twenty miles is noticed  
When the atmosphere's not hazy;  
When the beacon's brightly burning;  
Which, at distance, seems enchantment,  
Weaving spells of potent meaning;  
Sending off electric currents,  
To secure the prompt attendance  
Of a congress of bright spirits,  
For the grave consideration  
Of the fate that may impend now  
O'er the future of this island.  
I repeat, that I prefer it:  
Like it better than Havana,  
With its land-locked bay so stagnant;  
Needing outlet to the ocean;  
Needing much a cleansing current,  
For the city's health and comfort;  
Which, by engineering science,  
As some engineers have stated,  
Can be certainly established

By expenditure, in reason,  
Of required time and money.  
And when at length perfected,  
It will make that regal city  
Quite as famed for health as beauty,  
And desirable the year round  
For abode and visitation ;  
But, until that is established,  
For a place of steady dwelling,  
We must be excused for saying  
That we like Cardenas better  
Than Havana—with its “ Moro ; ”  
With its weird and beetling castle ;  
With its light-house on that castle,  
On the top of Moro Castle,  
Where its light keeps on revolving,  
With an eye that's never sleeping,  
While the sun has gone to slumber,  
(Or to wake up other peoples,  
Who take turns about, at sleeping,  
With this hemisphere of ours,)   
While its back is turned towards him,  
Till he peeps out in the morning,  
In the gray of early morning,  
And begins the sky to color  
With such tints as Nature only  
Keeps exhaustless in her storehouse,



And with lavish hand dispenses,  
When she gilds the east with glory,  
And with grandeur prints her sunsets,  
Making heaven so resplendent  
That the earth seems lifted upwards,  
And forever, from its shadows,  
Into everlasting brightness !

Now, perhaps, it seems surprising,  
Yet 'tis true as gospel preaching,  
That I like Cardenas better—  
In some trifling things much better—  
Even better than Havana !  
As, for instance,—yellow fever !  
Which Havana's well supplied with,  
Often in redundant measure ;  
And I don't like *yellow* fever,  
(Would not like it though 'twas pea-green ;  
No, or even royal-purple,)  
Never fancied its embraces ;  
Néver hankered for its presence ;  
Ne'er could treat it with politeness,  
Take it to my board and bedding,  
Nor would wish it at my wedding,  
If I were a blushing bridegroom :  
And, in fact, I can't abide it,—  
Though, indeed, I never tried it,—  
And I make this free confession,—

Without fear of fiends of fever,  
And despite its imps of mischief,—  
I abhor it! I despise it!  
And anathema declare it!  
As I would do *scarlet* fever,  
Or the Asiatic cholera,  
Which, e'en compliment to Asia,  
Could not render welcome guest here;  
Though it came in mourning garments,  
Such as crape or saddest sable;  
Or in any fancy colors,  
Such as scarlet, pink, or yellow:  
They are all proclaimed indecent;  
And they ne'er should be invited,  
Not to any high-toned households,  
Where aristocratic noses  
Sniff the clouds at sharpest angles,  
And abjure all things plebeian;  
Such as commonplace diseases,  
Or as common people's presence;  
All of which might spread contagion,  
And demand funeral trappings.  
And when Death, as King of Terrors,  
Lays the rich man by the beggar,—  
Scatters wealth long lives have hoarded,  
(Grasped, at times, from mites of widows,  
Or from orphans' scanty portions;

Heaped at risk of soul's salvation,) Equals rights, with naked justice, Levels ranks ; and, quite regardless Of the blue-blood, or the puddle, He becomes a strident nuisance, And a socialist, and robber ! Ruthlessly destroying fences, Smashing glazing of green-houses, Scattering the best exotics, Razing temples taste constructed, Hurling down Chinese pagodas, *Cheek by jowl* with Grecian sculpture, And thatched hovels' paltry pig-pens ; Multiplying grave offences, 'Gainst all rules of social order, And all precepts of decorum, He deserves, without redemption, To be hanged, and drawn, and quartered, Or be extradited promptly To Japan or Madagascar !

Now this town is very healthy ; Scarcely knows the yellow fever ; Bows politely to that fever ; Gently smiles at yellow fever ; Loudly laughs at yellow fever ; Even sneezes at the fever ; Which it thinks is only moonshine,

That can't frighten youngest babies,  
Though they may not be three weeks old ;  
Though they've hardly seen the daylight ;  
Scarcely know their own sick mothers,  
Saving when they want their dinners,  
Or their suppers, or their lunches,—  
Which come very close together,—  
And not caring for their fathers,  
(Who are called their pas, or papas,)  
E'en when those *pas* are *pas encore*.

*Better than Havana.*

“E'en better than Havana !”  
It seems strange to hear that statement,  
And to hear it thus repeated,—  
“Even better than Havana !”

*Cabañas.*

With its castle called Cabañas,  
Which extends back from the “Moro,”  
Which could tell some thrilling stories—  
Like “The Prisoner of Chillon,”  
Or some prisoners of Venice—

If its dungeon walls dared utter  
All the secrets trusted to them,  
Which they still deem confidential ;  
Which they hold in sullen silence !

*Havana Attractions.*

“ Even better than Havana !”  
With its numberless pretensions ;  
With its Prado and theatre,  
And their grand illuminations,  
From a multitude of gas-jets  
Turning evening into daylight,  
And, when bands play on the Prado,—  
Which they do, sometimes, on Thursdays,  
And they always do on Sundays,—  
Making up Arabian Nights’ Scenes ;  
Scenes of Oriental splendor ;  
Scenes of magic and of witchcraft ;  
Scenes that fairies might delight ;  
Scenes that Ariel might order,  
When Prospero, in “ The Tempest,”  
Bids him furnish for Miranda,  
And for Ferdinand, her lover,  
An enchanting entertainment.  
Yet, in spite of all this beauty,

Of bewitching lights and shadows,  
To the text we still are constant,—  
To the text about Havana :  
With its *Louvre* and *posadas*,  
And with all their tinsel glitter :  
With its cheap fares for street-driving ;  
With its many private coaches ;  
With its flunkies dressed in liv'ry ;  
With its many long-tailed horses,  
And its many bob-tailed riders ;  
And its stores, where they *speak Eng-*  
*lish*—

As announced in print—in *Spanish*—  
In a very awkward manner,  
Such as leaves all fancies freedom  
To accept it, or reject it,  
As an obsolete old jargon,  
Or a new light from the Black Flags !  
But, in spite of doubtful English,  
All the clerks—called *dependientes*,—  
Have the knack of getting goods off ;  
And they oft persuade the ladies  
That the things which they are seeking  
(If the call they can't respond to—  
If those things they cannot furnish—)  
Are the things they have no need of,  
But the gaudy things they offer,

Or the pretty things they tender,  
Are the things in requisition,  
And by no means may, at pleasure,  
Be omitted from their toilets,  
Or withheld from their *modistes*,  
Lest the fiats females dread so  
(That they're *rococo*, in dressing,  
Or are *out of style*, in pattern,  
Or in texture, or material,)  
Be, by fools, denounced against them,  
And they forced to a court-martial—  
In the nature of a *drum-head*—  
That's an *empty-head*—court-martial—  
As *deserters* from the shrine of  
The divinity called Fashion;  
Who is Beelzebub's gay daughter,  
And is Pluto's cousin-german;  
And is Light of Moloch's Harem;  
And is Mammon's blood relation,  
Twined so close round Mammon's heart-  
strings  
That his parents, nor his children,  
Can from thence eviscerate her,  
Or e'en modify her power!

And the stores are very num'rous,  
And are well supplied with dry-goods,  
And with things that ladies fancy;

And are wider than most streets are,  
Than the most Havana streets are,  
For its streets are very narrow ;  
So uncomfortably narrow  
That 'tis hard for a wheel-barrow—  
An attenuated barrow—  
To pass a coach between the curbs ;  
While the sidewalks are arranged for  
Sad soliloquizing lovers,  
With their Dulcinea darlings,  
Just before or just behind them ;  
For there is no squeezing process  
Can compress two adult persons  
In a space that barely answers  
For a slender male or female,  
And on very slender diet,  
And without a hearty dinner !

### *Compensations.*

While Havana's streets are narrow,  
There's some sense in the assertion,  
That 'twas wise to so arrange them,  
As protection against sun-heat  
And the hurricane's mad fury ;  
So the fact involves no censure,



Like the presence of the fever,  
Which, by wise persistent drainage,  
Could, in time, be mitigated,  
Or be banished, and forever !  
While Havana's oft afflicted  
With intrusive yellow fever,  
'Tis not often very fatal,  
Save when courted by imprudence,  
Or neglected till late hour.

Now the offset that's against it,—  
For a Cuban, who's reproachful—  
When 'tis worth his while to claim it—  
When 'tis proved by plain addition,  
Or by chemists' combination,  
That *two wrongs*, consolidated,  
Make *one right*, and twice the size of  
Either wrong on which 'tis founded ;  
Is—the offset just referred to—  
A known epidemic nuisance,  
That prevails across the Gulf Stream,  
And with virulence surprising ;  
Which has spared, in a great measure,  
All the cities of this island,  
Though it seems that its area  
Grows with march of civ'lization ;  
And that's one of the objections  
To the music of that grand march,

Which, in all things else, is perfect,  
And confers increasing blessings  
On the human race, afflicted  
By the sins and peccadilloes,  
Gathered in an apple-orchard,  
With the eating of an apple !  
And the nuisance just referred to  
Is of multiform description,  
Though it may be named in brief words  
As the *Agency afflictions*,—  
Such as *Life Insurance Agents* ;  
As *Book Agents*, male and female ;  
As the *Sewing-Machine Agents* ;  
With their cataracts of small-talk,  
And with faces hard as granite ;  
As the *Lightning-Rod Expounders* ;  
And, last of all, but not the least, is  
Bashful *Interviewer's* nuisance,—  
The Reportorial Nuisance ;  
Which, like war-horse of the Scriptures,  
Scents the bloody war afar off,  
And he prances with delight at  
A mal-odorous expression  
Borne upon the tainted breezes,  
And he starts on hunts like beagles,  
Or like blood-hounds, or like eagles ;  
And he knows no peace nor rest till

He has caught, and killed, his quarry !  
And amongst poor quiet people,  
Who could ne'er conceive a reason  
They're selected for affliction  
By a ghoul in human clothing ;  
Whose persistence in unearthing  
All the dead and buried corpses,  
That can furnish them a chapter  
For sensational reporting,  
Is a wonder for all ages.

*Cardenas and Consulate.*

But, to Cardenas returning,  
Where a consulate's located  
In the coolest of cool quarters,  
And the neatest of fine buildings,  
As commercial *locum tenens*  
Of a very lively nation ;  
And which floats the Stars and Stripes  
there  
On appropriate occasions :  
On all national occasions ;  
And, in compliment to Cuba,  
And to Spanish regulations,  
That flag courts the breeze on Saints'  
days,

When the Spanish flags are mounted.  
Thus it always flies on Sundays,  
From its flag-staff on the house-top,  
Near the *Plaza* and Columbus,—  
Near bronze statue of Columbus,  
Which, within its iron railing,  
In the centre of the *Plaza*,  
On a pedestal proportioned  
By the taste of skilful artist,  
Is quite neatly executed,  
And an honor to the city.  
And this *Plaza* is the lungs which  
Assists the urban breathing,  
(The suburban needs no *plaza*,—  
It has lungs in every quarter,)  
'Midst some palms and many flowers,  
Not perfumed, but rich in colors,  
And is very ornamental  
To the town, and to its large church,  
Which looks out upon this *Plaza*,  
And on youngsters, recreating,  
And on *oldsters*, meditating,  
And on much perambulating,  
And on queerest kinds of capers,  
Not the slightest sacerdotal,  
Never even *squinting* skyward.

*The Plaza.*

Now this *Plaza's* not as large as  
*Central Park*, nor yet as *Fairmount* ;  
It contains, perhaps, three acres,  
At a liberal estimation,  
And has walks well-paved and level,  
And is used for exercising,  
At odd times, and in the morning ;  
But on every Sunday evening,  
When the weather is auspicious,—  
From dim twilight to eleven,—  
It is resort for the whole city ;  
It is thronged with all the young girls,  
And, besides, with many old girls,  
And their lovers and their male friends,  
And their parents and their aunties,  
And their sisters and their cousins ;  
And they all, sometimes, are hearing  
Stirring strains of dulcet music,  
But more frequently are making,  
With their buzzing, their own music !  
And their chatting is but buzzing,  
As the bees buzz when they're hiving :

*Busy Bees.*

As the busy bees when seeking  
Stores of honey for housekeeping.  
And each girl she loves her *honey*;  
And the young men, too, love *honey*,  
To the verge of matrimony;  
Even to its maddest vortex.  
And they ambulate this *Plaza*  
With the son of Aphrodite,—  
That mischief-making archer,—  
Shooting scores of arrows at them;  
Making vacuous his quiver,  
Till their hearts begin to quiver,  
Till their hearts are full of tremors,  
Which will lead them to the church-doors:  
Which will end but at the altar,  
Or in bad dreams, like the nightmare.

Round and round the prattlers patter,  
In a populous procession,  
While the vocal sounds are rising  
In loud whispers, such as trees weave,  
When their leaves, in playful dalliance,  
Trifle with coquetting breezes;  
Or, like wavelets of the ocean,

Rippling 'neath the laughing sunbeams ;  
Or, like sparrows, when assembled  
In a national convention,  
With extensive disputation  
About wisest nominations.  
But, as all things must have ending,—  
As the hands of time move forward ;  
As the church-clock strikes the hours,—  
One drops out, and then another ;  
Till, at last, the grand procession  
Has a skeleton appearance,—  
Cannot even cast a shadow,  
It is so attenuated.  
And its ghostly form dissolves then ;  
Disappears, and quite completely,  
(To adopt again the figure,  
And the language slightly altered,  
Of America's best poet,)  
From the cares that had infested  
All the hours of the daytime ;  
With the prospect that the night shall  
E'en be filled, and to repletion,  
With the sweetest of sweet music ;  
While those teasing cares that swarmed  
so,  
When the sun was hot and garish,  
Shall, like Arabs, fold their tents up,

And, like Arabs, do much stealing,—  
Steal away into the darkness.

Now 'tis proper, at this juncture,  
To appeal for gracious pardon  
To the author, whose fine language  
Has been changed, by much transposing:  
For no language is translated  
Without loss of strength and beauty;  
Nor can poesy,—that's music  
To such minds as do not grovel;  
And to souls appreciative  
It is nectar and ambrosia  
That the system's permeating,  
Which on God-like pinions bear it  
To the azure, where no storms can  
Force e'en ripples on its surface;  
And where clouds are far beneath it,  
Though they cap the loftiest mountains;  
Where their shadows—so destructive  
To a state of sweet abstraction,—  
To the spirit's purest yearning—  
Fail to reach the heights above them,  
And fall *downwards*, and not *upwards*.  
This is truth itself, when speaking  
Of the loss there is in mere words;  
Of the torture thoughts must suffer  
When we have them but translated



From one language to another ;  
And to paraphrase an author,  
Or transpose his thoughts and language,  
Is to make a poor translation ;  
Or to pour the best of new wine  
In the worst of doubtful bottles ;  
Which a parable in Scripture  
Tells us, in emphatic language,  
Is a plan that's not judicious,  
And should always be avoided.  
So we ask the poet's pardon  
For the awkward transposition,  
And with hopes it will be granted,  
On the solemn pledge now uttered,  
To offend no more in this wise,  
Except under proved beguiling  
Very hard to be resisted,  
And from which, with best intention,  
We will flee like fleetest race-horse ;  
Or we'll imitate those Arabs,  
And, beneath night's sombre mantle,  
We will disappear in darkness ;  
Send temptation off to Texas,  
And bid Satan get behind us !

But to Cardenas returning,—  
(That's the second time we've said this,)  
As a type of the whole island ;

For what is said about that city,  
With a little more, or less so,  
May be said of any other,  
Other tropical production,  
Made of bricks and stone and mortar,  
On this island in the ocean.  
Take this town, with its surroundings,—  
Its *ingenios*, plantations,  
(*In-hane-yo* call that Spanish word,)  
And there's one not very distant :  
On the railroad from Cardenas,  
Which, while making best of sugar,  
And with latest of improvements,  
Is not princely in dimensions  
Of its wealth of waving cane-fields ;  
Nor pretentious in machin'ry ;  
Nor has territorial grandeur,  
Nor proud stateliness of structure,  
Though replete with every comfort,  
And with claims to kindly notice,  
'Twould be sinful not to note them,  
And with notes of admiration,  
At the pleasing sights appealing  
To the tenderest moral feelings.



AN INGENIO.



*Eden Park.*

When we speak of this Cardenas,  
And its more remote surroundings,  
This *ingenio*,—this plantation,  
Must not—shall not, be omitted ;  
For 'tis every way attractive,  
From its colonnade of palm-trees  
To its simplest shrub and flower ;  
And its colonnade of palm-trees—  
Double colonnade of palm-trees—  
Mark an avenue of beauty,  
Both imperial and stately,  
That extends from porch to cane-fields,  
Or, from garden-gate to cane-fields ;  
And those courtly, royal palm-trees  
Bow a welcome from their green tops—  
From their diadems of verdure—  
To the distant guest approaching ;  
And, as breezes sigh among them,  
They breathe sighs to friends departing ;  
Whisper sighs to friends departing ;  
While their branches, by their waving,—  
Their long, sweeping, plume-like  
branches,—

Waft adieus, in gentle motions,  
With a pantomimic meaning ;  
Which, translated into language,  
Bids them come again, and quickly,  
From the turmoils of the city,  
To forget its cares and heartaches,  
Amidst sylvan scenes enchanting,  
And 'midst friends as sympathizing  
As true hearts can well desire.

And its name contains a moral,  
And is full of thought suggestive  
Of its lineaments attractive,  
In detail and *tout ensemble* ;  
For that name is, briefly, " Eden,"  
Though 'tis " Eden Park," when called by  
Both its Christian and its surname ;  
And it is both aptly christened,  
For its grounds and for its mansion,  
Which 'midst flowers is embedded,  
And festooned all round with foliage ;  
Making, for the sight, a refuge  
That allures, relieves, and blesses,  
And that, 'midst its wealth of colors,  
And its sweet exhaling odors,  
Offers homes to joyous song-birds,  
That, enraptured, build their nests there,  
With no thought of horrid rent-days ;

With no dread of market prices,  
And no fear of tax-collectors,  
And no care for long, or short, crops.  
And these make their visitations  
Quite perennial in season,  
Which migration never troubles  
To interrupt their sweet housekeeping ;  
But these, nature's prima donnas,  
And these feathered Campaninis,  
(Brighter far than Queens of Sheba,  
Or than Solomon in his glory,)  
Sing their songs at such low prices,  
And without a single false note,—  
Caused by squabbling or sore throats,—  
And in such surpassing voices,  
As would ruin little Patti ;  
Really crush Etelka Gerster ;  
As would bankrupt Christine Nilsson,  
And send Lucca to a mad-house !  
Though they'd treble these bird-prices,  
Give their concerts on a prairie,  
And each blade of grass transformed to  
An unmitigated *dead-head* !  
And these birds that make their nests  
there,  
And their friends and their relations,  
And their trilling social circle,

Rise up early in the morning  
From their alcoves and their bowers,—  
Made to suit their bird-like fancies,—  
And they fill the air with music,  
And with gladness hail the sunrise ;  
And they serenade the Hours,  
As, in blithe or sad procession,  
They glide, outwards, from Time's portals  
To form part of the Eternal,  
And be thence consolidated  
With the never-ending future.

'Tis indeed a lovely dwelling ;  
A most hospitable mansion ;  
The abode of all that's graceful,  
That's ingenuous and noble ;  
That is modest, that is truthful ;  
Where the hostess and the host are  
So spontaneous in goodness,  
That the thought can't be improved on,  
As indicative of pleasure ;  
And 'tis still more apt in seeming  
When the daughter of these parents—  
Of the host and modest hostess—  
Adds the grace of her good nature  
To the welcome so expressive.  
'Tis indeed a very Eden ;  
And this gentle daughter's presence—



With that smile that so becomes her,  
And her graciousness of bearing,  
And accomplishments that suit her—  
Tends to change its earthly features,  
Or, at least, to so refine them  
They rise in simple beauty,  
And attain, without an effort,  
An ethereal plane above them,  
As conception's *beau ideal*.

And this Eden Park *ingenio*,  
Like plantations more extensive,  
Is curtailed of fair proportions  
In the sugar-grinding process,  
And deprived, this very bad year,  
Of accustomed compensations  
By stagnated sugar market.  
Yet it has, and that not long since,  
Shipped a thousand of its hogsheads  
Of the very best of sugar,  
And proportionate molasses,  
To the Philadelphia merchants,  
To refineries in New York,  
And to other U. S. markets ;  
So 'tis apropos to call it,  
"Like plantations more extensive,"  
And to say that it possesses,  
Like plantations of more acres,

Very ample sugar-houses,  
Which, all through the grinding season,  
Knows no rest, nor night nor morning,  
But runs tireless, at all hours,  
With the latest of inventions.

*Sugar-Houses.*

Take this town with its surroundings,  
Which are mainly its plantations,  
With elaborate sugar-houses,  
Filled with latest of inventions,  
Costing fortunes to erect them,  
With the centrifugal machines,  
Which machines, themselves, are studies,  
Whirling madly round each minute,  
With much method in their madness,  
As they crystallize the sugar  
Three thousand solid times or more!  
Coming mostly from the Germans,  
(Though the Yankees and the Frenchmen  
Have their similar inventions,)   
Who have made the beet-root sugar—  
*Remolacha*, here, is beet-root—  
Such a formidable rival  
To all sugars of the known world.

And the eye can scarcely see it,  
See the whirl of this machinery,  
As it forms its sharp-edged crystals,  
And with planetary motion ;  
Beating Ixion's rapid motion ;  
Beating locomotives hollow,  
Till they scream with very anger ;  
Till they get their water boiling ;  
Till they whistle in their anger,  
With a sharpness that is painful :  
Scream with screams that are alarming,  
In a steaming perspiration,  
As a sign they are defeated  
In a contest with young giants !

E'er dismounting from steam-engines,  
After riding them *dead-headed*,  
And quite closely annotating  
How they modulate their voices ;  
We're reminded, by those voices,  
Of some animals in Cuba,  
Seldom met with on the mainland :

### *The Rutea.*

Of a large rat, like the 'possum,  
(The opossum, strictly speaking,)   
Only larger than the 'possum,

And much darker than the 'possum,—  
That's the *darker*, that's *much* darker ;  
While the *lighter* is some lighter ;  
Which facts prove the rat descended,  
By a pedigree most ancient,  
From a tree that had two branches ;  
From a patriarchal fam'ly  
That produced unequal beauty  
In its rising generation ;  
Had an Esau, in complexion,  
And a fair-skinned, smooth-faced Jacob ;  
And the Esau, in complexion,  
Is entitled to attention,  
And to absorbing interest,  
For a most eventful hist'ry ;  
For a tail unlike most rat-tails !  
And this rat, round whose horizon  
Heavy clouds and tempests lower,  
Is, like Esau, very hairy,—  
Much more hairy than the 'possum ;  
And one kind, 'mongst rocks and crannies  
Finds its meditative mansions ;  
And another lives above-ground,  
'Mongst the trees, and in their branches ;  
Living well on vegetation,  
Eating, mostly, vegetables,  
And, by Chinamen and negroes,

Is considered first-class feeding,  
Fit for millionaires and princes,  
And for emperors and grand dukes ;  
For sultanas, and for grand Turks ;  
And, by folks well educated,—  
(Who, of course, are wide exceptions,)  
Some who've eaten at the "Brunswick";  
At "Delmonico's" have eaten,  
And at best hotels have feasted,  
In the old world and the new world,  
And by such—those rare exceptions—  
As by copper-colored Chinese,  
And the "contraband," so greasy,—  
Is appreciated highly,  
As a thing there's no deriding,  
But as fit for *making game of*,  
As wild-duck, or quail, or red deer.  
Just like Western folks and Southern,  
In *our* land, accept the 'possum  
As a blessed dispensation,  
When adorned with sweet potatoes,  
To alleviate the craving  
Of an appetite fastidious.

*A Voice from the Tombs.*

“Gods! ye gods! must we endure  
this?”

Caius Cassius seems exclaiming  
To the noble Marcus Brutus;  
Who, intent on fate revolving,  
Notes not what his friend is saying;  
Heeds not either meat or pastry  
As then meet to be considered;  
Feels dread Philippi approaching,  
As a “pi” there’s no digesting,—  
As a “pi” that makes him crusty,—  
Pointing grimly to the future;  
Pealing out funereal dirges!

“Gods! ye gods! must we endure this?”  
Says “the lean and hungry Cassius,”  
Hoping, by the repetition,  
To arouse that “noblest Roman”  
From such serious abstraction  
’Mongst the stellar luminaries:  
“Must we tolerate this treatment  
Of the precious human stomach;  
Grandest gift by Jove invented;  
Life’s approved and best contraption

To make steam for vital motion?  
Feed it on large rats, or small ones!  
Make it tomb for rank opossums!  
Rank! not princely rank, nor royal,  
Such as Cæsar dares to grasp at,  
But the rank that's so offensive  
To all nostrils of refinement  
That they curl like hair in papers,  
Or like bristles o'er a fire,  
At the strong, unwelcome odor  
Of the brute with beastly features!  
Oh, forbid it, dear Lucullus!  
Whose guests swallowed pearls in wine-  
cups;  
Who thought nightingales, that furnished  
Tongues and nests to grace his table,  
Were a *bon bouche* from Olympus  
For æsthetical creation.  
And forbid it, gentle Sallust;  
Epicureans, forbid it!  
Rise in might, in Rome and Athens,  
And denounce this innovation  
As revolting and barbaric,  
And as worse than death or Hades!  
Rather, Brutus, my soul's brother!  
Rather let us go for Cæsar,  
In the Senate-house or Forum!

Let us fall 'midst freedom's ruins,  
Or save Rome from tyrant's thralldom,  
And then live in pomp, like Pompey,  
Ere he met with his Pharsalia ;  
Ere he fell as Cæsar's victim !”

Thus might Caius Cassius orate,  
And the classic Greeks and Romans  
Would applaud him to the echo ;  
As would Uncle Sam's young eaglets,—  
Thinking, to intent and purpose,  
It was Independence logic,  
Borne on wings of the spread-eagle ;  
Served up with display of rockets  
As a July Fourth oration.  
And those fledglings of the old bird  
Would take Cassius on their shoulders,  
With three cheers, and then *a tiger* ;  
Send him off, perhaps to Congress,  
Or in search of Sir John Franklin  
And a northern polar ocean ;  
And they'd look with sneers and scowling,  
And send eggs, *perhaps not fresh ones*,  
At the poor rat so bedevilled  
By that most indignant Roman ;  
While the poor rat, he can't help it,  
If appearance is against him ;  
Which, in fact, there's no denying :



For this rat is not inviting,  
Any more than the opossum ;  
Has no prepossessing feature ;  
Has not e'en a spark of beauty,  
Or a name that is attractive.  
And its name, in Spanish language,  
Is *Futea*, but the "J" has  
Aspiration like the "H's,"  
So the name's pronounced *Hu-te-a* ;  
And the animal is often  
Caught, and tamed, and kept in houses,  
As, with us, the dogs and cats are ;  
And behaves, then, quite genteelly  
To domestics and the children ;  
But it shakes with trepidation

### *The Serpent.*

When its mortal foe approaches ;  
And that mortal foe is saintly,  
Or, at least, it has a saint's name,  
Or a name a little higher,  
And, indeed, a great deal higher :  
As the Church, in its discretion,  
Classifies by sacred sanction  
All the ranks of those promoted

To be canonized perfections ;  
For they call it Holy Mary,  
When translated into English,  
Which is strange, and is perplexing,  
For this *saint* is but a *serpent*,  
Though a serpent large as Satan,  
When he first assumed that habit.  
It has sometimes length to twelve feet,  
And is thick as brig's "fore-top-mast,"  
Or, to speak, and be within bounds,  
As the staff for a ship's "royal,"  
Or the pole for a ship's "skysail,"—  
Call it, just for short, six inches :  
Yet without the slightest venom ;  
Which, indeed, is not peculiar  
On this very fertile island,  
Where no snake nor insect's deadly,  
Though there are some agonizing,  
And without a touch of conscience,  
And are worse than worst of Shylocks,  
And would heed not Portia's pleading  
Any more than that old Jew did.  
They'd ne'er pause to weigh out scruples,  
But in *drams* would drink the warm blood  
To the last drop they could swallow !  
Thus 'tis not at all surprising  
That this serpent has no venom,

Though it has abundant *muscle* ;  
And it travels on that muscle,  
Like the shoulder-striking gentry,  
Who deride great Cardinal Richelieu,  
When he says—per Lytton Bulwer—  
That the pen is more potential  
Than the sword of *Cœur de Lion*,  
Or the fist of Sayres, or Heenan !

And this snake—this Holy Mary—  
(And the males are called, here, Mary,  
Just as freely as are ladies,)  
Is domesticated, likewise,  
And is quite a gentle plaything  
As a licensed household member ;  
And 'tis kept near barn or corn-crib,  
Or near place where grain is garnered,  
As a guard 'gainst rats and vermin,  
Which abscond, *sans ceremonie*  
When his saintship's reign commences ;  
And they'll tempt all kinds of danger  
Rather than provoke his Highness,  
By a toss of *heads or tails up* !

*The Encounter.*

Now these animals just mentioned—  
The large snake and the *Ju-te-a*—  
Sometimes meet on the dead level,  
Or *Ju-te-a*'s up on tree-branch,  
And when spied by *Holy Mary*,  
(*Santa Maria*'s the right name,  
With *el majá* for a prefix,)  
Feels condemned by judge and jury  
To a speedy execution.  
Backing off from *Holy Mary*,  
It starts slowly to retreating;  
Glancing at his saintly snakeship  
With a glance of speechless horror;  
While each hair its hide has rooted,  
Makes a start, in single harness,  
Like the quills of ghostly mention,  
Of the porcupine persuasion.

Thus retreating, thus pursuing,  
Rat and snake keep on ascending;  
And the snake the while keeps breathing  
A deep breath, as from steam-boiler  
When a locomotive's starting;  
And the rat seems vainly calling

Upon all the hills to hide him !  
Shrinking, in the hopes of reaching  
Such invisible proportions  
As to foil the patient progress  
Of the fate that knows not mercy.  
Vain ! oh, vain, those hopes of weakness !  
Power, unrestrained by reason,  
Or not tempered by religion,  
Is the same in brutes and mankind :  
Riots in unbridled license,  
Seeks alone its selfish pleasures,  
And is deaf to mercy's pleadings.

Higher still ascends *Ju-te-a*,  
And the snake coils slowly higher,  
Till the supple branches bending,  
As they reach the open azure,  
Point the way to death from danger,  
Or announce a deadly conflict,  
Which requires more nerve-power  
Than *Ju-te-a* is possessed of,  
As he looks aloft with yearning—  
Straining out his very heart-strings—  
To discover faintest trace of  
Doubtful passage tending higher.  
Naught the quadruped observes there ;  
Naught of life, or hope, is present ;  
Only dull and solid clouds there ;

Not a cloud with silver lining !  
Not a footing e'en for fairy !  
Only room to breast the ether  
On the wings of bird or angel.  
At a glance the tale is all told,  
And a flash reveals the story,  
That hope's fabric's dashed to atoms ;  
That behind, and not before him,  
May be found regeneration,  
Which, from hopes so badly shattered,  
Must shoot forth from desperation.

### *The Catastrophe.*

One sad glance of mournful pleading,  
Backward turned on foe advancing,  
Fails to wake response remorseful,—  
Falls like dew-drops on flint surface,  
When, with look to heaven appealing,  
Leaps he downward to the hard earth !  
Hard ! but softer than the serpent ;  
Hard ! but bountiful with promise ;  
For the earth is a last refuge.  
Nurtures all through each day's changes ;  
Ne'er forgets she is the mother  
Of all animated nature.

Downward! downward! falls *Ju-te-a*,  
With velocity increasing.

Downward! downward! will he get  
there?

Will he strike the earth and perish?

Will he gather nerve and strength by

Contact with creation's mother?—

Like the giant who subdued was

By Herculean wit and muscle,

Holding him aloft till strangled,—

Till salt water could not save him!

Will he do the one, or other?

Or rebound, and flee for dear life,

With a speed there's no o'ertaking?

Such the rapid thoughts he's thinking,

If he thinks while he's falling,

Of which horn of a dilemma

Waits *Maha's* elucidation.

But his object is frustrated

When it seems almost accomplished;

For he fails to reach earth contact,

Save as coiled in snake's embraces;

As a treasure earned by labor,

And secured beyond redemption,

By example fable taught him,

Of the giant and his victor.

Thus the snake divines his object,

Times his motions to frustrate it,  
And *he* springs as leaps *Fu-te-a*,  
Coils around him in the mid-air,  
And he shrieks, or seems to shriek out,  
While they fall thus linked together:

“*In hoc signo*, dear *Fu-te-a*,  
Read the future that’s before you;  
Meet the fate there is no shunning  
Boldly, like a dauntless *rodent*;  
Like a rat in wholesale business;  
Like a rat there’s no retailing,  
When he’s folded to this bosom,  
As he glides to deglutition!”

Leaving now the snake digesting  
Poor *Fu-te-a* at his leisure,  
While he murmurs, as he dozes,  
A “*hic jacet*” for his tombstone,  
With a schedule of such virtues  
Such as the rats of all degrees will  
Ratify with prompt approval,  
Let us turn to other subjects;  
Not so thrilling as *Futea*’s,—  
Not so harrowing to feelings;  
Themes that soothe excited bosoms,  
Hush to rest e’en raging tempests,  
Fall like oil on troubled waters,  
Captivate like soft church music.



Leaving ancient locomotives  
With their progeny centrifugal,  
And with stationary engines,  
To hobnob in friendly converse  
About crops and of the weather,  
And depreciated prices ;

*Deposits of Salvation.*

Cast your eye towards these churches,  
These deposits of salvation,  
Which can't save their architecture  
From severest condemnation.  
These dull, heavy-looking chapels,  
With their frightful darksome towers,  
More antique than Babel's towers,  
Looking much, in grim expression,  
Like old Babel's ancient parents :  
Speaking, too, the Babel language ;  
That's a jargon so discordant  
That it sets the teeth to aching,  
And perverts all sense and reason.  
Oh, those frightful-looking towers !  
Oh, those most ungraceful towers !  
How can *grace* find entrance in them ?  
How can *grace* accept such lodgment ?

Which would make *grace* seem disgraceful  
Were it not for gracious doctrine  
That once slumbered in a manger,  
And regards not where it dwelleth.

*The Bells! the Bells! the  
Bells!*

Oh, those inharmonious bells!  
Stricken by mischievous urchins,  
Who do almost all the striking,  
With a viciousness peculiar  
To purgatorial spirits,  
Or to spirits in a worse place;  
Crying loudly for some water;  
Jangling bells for cups of water;  
Hoarsely yelling for some water;  
Just for drops of limpid water,  
Like refreshing dew to fall on  
Their poor tongues so dry and heated!

'Twas Poe composed the poetry  
About whole families of bells:  
About fire, marriage, chapel bells,  
Of many sizes and degrees;  
But had Poe heard these Cuban bells,

Like those Ophelia talks about,—  
“So jangled, out of tune and harsh,”—  
*His* bells! his bells! his favorite bells,  
Had never found a poet then;  
They would have strangled all his thoughts,  
E’en in imagination’s womb!  
He would, in frantic agony,  
Have found a heavy *diving*-bell,  
And sunk in that to rise no more!  
And so, alas! those other bells:  
His extra sweet,—his blessed bells!  
Would ne’er have uttered welcome chimes,  
Or any tones to greet the ear;  
They would have been as mute as fish;  
They would have been, indeed, *dumb-bells*!

### *Primary Geography.*

If still further you should ask me,  
Saying, Where is this Cardenas?  
Tell us quickly of this city?  
I should answer your impatience  
On a geographic subject  
With a consciousness of knowledge  
That should claim your admiration;  
And would lead you, by induction,

Up a geographic stairway,  
In such simple words as follow,  
To the chart-room of the brain-pan.

On the northern coast of Cuba,  
Nearly south from well-known Key West,  
Scarcely fourscore miles 'tis distant ;  
And is reached by sailing-vessels,  
And by steamships from all places ;  
But 'tis pleasantest to travel  
In the semi-weekly steamers,  
In the lines now well established,  
Between Havana and New York.  
Only fourscore miles 'tis distant,  
When 'tis measured in a straight line,  
With its twenty thousand people,  
Sitting on its bay capacious,  
With its many *tiburones*,—  
Which means sharks, of several classes,—  
May be seen this same Cardenas ;  
With its wind-mills for the pumping  
Of much sugar-house molasses ;  
With its *almacens* for storing  
That same sugar-house molasses ;  
With its tanks, like schools for swimming,  
(That's for very fancy swimming,)   
Filled with sugar-house molasses,  
Which is run through hose, like water,

When they fill the hogsheads with it ;  
When they load molasses vessels.  
And, besides, Cardenas boasts of  
Its refinery for sugar,—  
Only one on the whole island,—  
That has just been proved successful :  
Making sugar sweet and snow-white,  
Both in cubes and powdered finely,  
Which the Cardenese are proud of,  
As a proof they're up and doing,  
And can follow in the footsteps  
Of the enterprising Yankees,  
Who they like to keep before them  
As the very best of models.  
And they dream, with eyes wide open,  
They may emulate their model ;  
They may help their race to reach up  
To a pinnacle of grandeur,  
To its highest human standard.

With its railroads and its depot,  
Built of stone, and very solid ;  
With its long wharves in the harbor,  
Stretched on piles, and thus recalling  
The *flush times* of San Francisco,  
When that golden-gated city,  
Had its "Long Wharf" in the water,  
And its sand-hills, whose removal

Was a monument of labor,  
Such as filled the world with wonder ;  
And, since then, has been considered,  
Like the Pyramids' construction,  
Such miraculous achievements  
As to challenge competition.

Now this island is so near us  
That Cardenas seems a neighbor ;  
This identical Cardenas,  
With its *Long Branch*,—*Varadero*,  
That has sprung up at its bidding,  
Just across its bay extensive,  
And looks out upon the ocean,  
Which, with all its waves majestic,  
Waves all frivolous objections,  
And consents, with condescension,  
To play a sort of second fiddle,—  
That its surf shall be the adjunct  
To resort for summer bathing,  
Where the *upper crust* build dwellings,  
And the *cream of creams* assemble,  
Ere the storm-king sends his cyclones  
To disperse the dread *jejenas*,—  
Call this, if you please, *hay-hen-as*,—  
Which is but the beastly sand-fly,  
And to wrestle with the *pulgas*.

*The Pulgas.*

And to wrestle with the *pulgas* !  
Yes ; that means to be flea-bitten :  
For the *pulgas* are the flea-bugs,  
And the foot, and back, and knee-bugs ;  
While *mosquitoes* are the *humbugs*,  
And, like troubadours of old,  
Sing the songs of the knights-errant—  
Many songs of many nations—  
While they thrust their lances in us,  
And make their bills their *billet-doux* ;  
And are strangely confidential ;  
Bringing *music for the million*,  
“Like a leperous distilment,”  
To the portals of one’s hearing ;  
As if *there* they’d make the lodgment  
Of a secret they have carried  
Since the world was draped in darkness,  
Like the Wand’ring Jew about them,  
With much serious discomfort,  
Which they fain would be released from !  
Ah ! *those fleas* ! they are too lively ;  
And such treacherous companions !  
Their best friends are unsafe with them,

Though, indeed, they have no good friends:  
So, of course, can have no *best* friends ;  
No, not e'en among the puppies ;  
Neither those of two nor four feet.  
They are *Ishma'lites*, in action ;  
And maliciously assail all,  
Without sparing youth or beauty,  
And are *Danites* in religion,  
Without touch of gentle pity ;  
Without care for a hereafter ;  
Without fear of wrath consuming,  
Which they will nor *jump*, nor *flea* from !  
They're incurable back-biters,  
And they scandalize us greatly,  
And they make us seem ungraceful,  
As they amble o'er our bodies ;  
Vault, like imps, across our bodies ;  
Practise tactics on our bodies ;  
Make our limbs their little play-grounds,  
And they patrol our curving spines !

*Patrols in General.*

Now, patrols may be bewitching,  
When we hear them set to music,  
And played by orchestra or band ;



Or e'en touched on the piano ;  
Or the violin or cornet ;  
Or the hautboy or the saxhorn ;  
Or the flageolet or jew's-harp !  
There's the sweet patrol of Turkey,  
And there's the Russian grand patrol ;  
But when that one, of Ireland,  
Is played by Gilmore and his band,  
It ravishes all Irish ears,  
That wildly love its souvenirs,  
Which start alternate smiles and tears,  
And wake enthusiastic cheers  
From souls' appreciative founts !  
This tells the tale that's often told,  
Of music to most nations dear ;  
But where the Cuban flea patrols,  
By day and night the human spine,  
And takes its sportive exercise  
Upon the human form divine,  
Or crawls upon the creeping flesh,—  
It corkscrews anything but smiles  
To decorate the human face,  
Or *Grecian bends* to mould the form !  
There's then no "music in the air,"  
Save ut'rances that rise to lip  
Which ne'er could dignify a verse,  
Or softly soothe a lady's ear !

*The Stream and the Fountain.*

Ye, who love this royal island ;  
Love this Queen of the Antilles ;  
This bright diamond of first water ;  
This Caribbean Kohinoor ;  
Ye, who ask me for my legends,  
Ask me for my information,  
And the sources that it comes from,  
And insist these shall be mentioned,  
And in every minute detail,  
From the *Alpha* to *Omega*,  
But won't have these legends meagre,  
Not by gentlest of persuasion ;  
Once more listen, and I'll tell you ;  
Tell you where the legends come from ;  
Yes, in all their virgin beauty,  
And in their adult vigor ;  
In their age's tribulation,  
And in all their strength and weakness,  
From their *Alpha* to *Omega*,  
You shall have them though they kill you,  
With a mirth-provoking torrent,  
Or a cataract of sadness !

And they come—and be this noted

In the album of the mem'ry,  
Or on mental marble tablet,  
In imperishable letters,  
To which, always when you wish it,  
You can have familiar access,—  
From 'mongst *Caballeros* gracious,  
And redundantly loquacious ;  
So redundantly loquacious  
That the eyes, and hands, and fingers  
Aid the lips and all the features  
With a language each possesses ;  
With such fluency of language  
As convinces every stranger  
That, in *conversation's market*,  
In the misty life in Eden,  
All the Spaniards were up early,  
And they *beared* the Eden market,  
And they *cornered* all the talk there,  
Leaving only odds and ends for  
Other people, who were thus forced  
To a taciturn condition,  
And to eke out want of words with  
An appearance of some thinking ;  
To supply a wordy torrent  
By a draft on mind's resources ;  
By a process of distilling,  
Through a serpentine alembic,

Often slow, and always labored,  
And which rarely is as showy  
As spontaneous discoursing,  
That from aptest fluent tongues fall  
Like the pattering of rain-drops,  
Or the rapids of Niagara.

*The Pink of Politeness.*

And they come—these very legends—  
From the land of such politeness,  
And exhaustless benefactions,  
That the natives and the Spaniards,  
(Though they lead a cat-and-dog life,  
As they jog along together,  
In their island-home relations)  
Are a unit on this subject,  
And alike as any two peas,  
Or pomegranates, or pine-apples :  
And they offer you their houses ;  
Freely offer you their houses,  
With an air of whole-soul meaning ;  
But don't tender formal titles,  
And don't warranty those titles ;  
Not e'en quit-claim deeds will tender ;  
But still offer you their houses,

And their horses and their coaches,  
And their watches and their breastpins,  
And their rings and all their trinkets,  
Save their darling household jewels,  
Such as wife and noisy children,  
Which are deemed somewhat exclusive ;  
But, with all things else, besides these,  
They are lib'ral to profusion ;  
And on merest introduction,  
They will make the *verbal* tender.  
Yet, 'tis safest to regard this  
As a very tender tender,  
And not as a legal tender,  
Or as greenback circulation,  
But as compliment Castilian,  
Which is high-flown in construction,  
And alloyed with some base metal,  
And won't stand the application  
Of the crucible and blow-pipe,  
And severest kinds of acids ;  
So, to save extreme surprises,  
To both parties to such offers,  
'Tis the best to disregard them ;  
Or regard them as lip service,  
As a sort of spurious coinage,  
Which is current by long usage,  
For which change is manufactured

By the cheapest kind of process  
For the needs of present service,  
And in lots to suit consumers.

*Cum Grano Salis.*

This is said *cum grano salis*,  
For we should not misconstrue this  
As a case of false pretences ;  
For the *spirit* that suggests it,  
This exuberant donating,  
Without rhyme, and not much reason,  
Is a real kindly spirit  
That we find among our kindred,  
And we see, likewise, in England,  
Only that, *with us*, our language—  
When we compliment our neighbors—  
Is devoid of tropes and figures,  
And is dressed in only plain clothes ;  
While our friends of Spain and Cuba,  
When their lips pronounce a welcome,  
Make that welcome ornamental ;  
And they exercise their fancies  
In the Oriental fashion,—  
Which prevailed once in Grenada,—  
And they clothe their words in costumes

Made of purple and fine linen,  
Trimmed with lace, and cords and tassels,  
And with gold and silver spangles,  
With rosettes and many ribbons !  
But their words, without these trim-  
mings,—

These gauds for side- and foot-lights,—  
Might be rendered in plain English  
As,—“ I'm very glad to know you.  
Won't you take your dinner with us,  
Any time when you feel like it,  
*En famille*,—just with the home-folks ?  
If you like the evening better,  
Come around on any evening ;  
You'll find tea upon the table,  
With, perhaps, some toast or muffins,  
And some light thing appetizing,  
And a plate, and knife and fork there,  
And, besides, *a hearty welcome*.”  
This is all that makes the difference  
'Twixt a style extremely florid  
And vernacular—in homespun.

*“A Bridgewater Treatise on the  
Hand.”*

From the land of many gestures,  
Where the hand speaks its own language,  
Aiding much the mobile features ;  
Illustrating every sentence  
That the tongue attempts to utter ;  
Even words elucidating  
From complex ideal shadows,  
Making *thinkings* photographic ;  
Making pantomime as graphic  
As e'er Harlequin attempted,  
Or as Columbine could answer.  
And the hand is educated  
By the tender care of mothers,  
Ere the lisplings of the cradle  
Know articulate formations ;  
And the babes that can't say “mamma,”  
Or that can't cry “*papaito* !”  
With their little hands and fingers  
Will give peremptory orders,  
And express their little wishes,  
And don airs of older people,



In a style that's quite amusing ;  
In a way there's no mistaking.

*Single Blessedness.*

From the land of single young men,  
Where the clerks pick up their bedding  
As they change their situations,  
As they walk, and with much faith in  
Getting other situations,  
Or of doing their own washing,  
Or of *doing* Chinese laundries,  
And of feeding empty stomachs  
At dilapidated tables  
Of the cheapest boarding-houses,  
With dim hopes of future earnings :  
That's when out of situations ;  
For, when blessed with situations,  
They oft eat with their employers  
In a style that needs no primping,—  
In an undershirt and slippers,  
And a pair of dirty trousers,  
Or of pantaloons most hole-y,  
Kept in place by leathern girdle,  
(For suspenders, here, are mystic,)  
And at a general table,

Where no female form glides toward  
them ;

Where not e'en a paltry hoop-skirt  
Can claim idolizing fondness,  
Or a graceful, rounded bustle  
Smiles bewitchingly upon them  
From a peg, or from a chair-back.

And they take those meals so churlish,  
Without glimpse of aught that's girlish,  
At quite fashionable hours :

Eating breakfast at eleven,  
Whether they are low or high *ton* ;

And they dine from five to seven :  
At some time between those hours ;

While the *upper crust* have dinner  
Never earlier than seven,

And, sometimes, a little later,  
When occasion is more formal.

So the stomach here, as elsewhere,  
Is a Nihilist or noble

From the hours it has meals served,  
Or the food that it is fed with ;

And may be potentate contented  
When it waits not long at meal-times,

Or be deepest dyed of rebels

When 'tis famishing with hunger !

Thus the problem of the present,

And the issue of the future,  
Is intestinal in feature,  
Internecine in proportions,  
And abdominal in nature ;  
And it must be met by wisdom,  
And be solved by compromises,  
And by mutual forbearance.

From the land of church processions,  
Which recur on stated Saints' days,—  
On Saint John's and Good-Fridays,  
And *Corpus Christi* likewise ;  
And are frequent in recurring,  
And are led by holy padres  
In their vestments of the altar,  
Which, in richness, are imposing,  
And which seem to make assertion  
Of a Church that feels triumphant ;  
And the rest of the procession  
Is made up of all officials  
In insignia of office,  
And of troops and bands of music,  
Playing martial airs in slow time,  
And by many pious people ;  
But, of late, these church processions  
Have been captured by the negroes  
By majority tremendous !  
And *they* are the strongest feature,

And *they* are the *darkest* feature,  
Though they carry *lighted candles*  
In unlimited profusion,  
And bear lamps with shades of glassware,  
As the shades of evening gather,  
And as day folds up its pinions.

Now, why should not these negroes  
Have their good time in processions?  
Feel themselves become important  
As supporters of salvation,  
And as lighting up the pathway,  
With a very solid lighting,  
To a purer world and better?  
While 'tis true they are not conscious  
Of the metaphors they carry,  
Or of allegoric meanings  
Of the facts they see around them,  
There is that about those facts which  
Leads them from primeval darkness:  
Guides their stumbling feet toward stair-  
way—

Like the ladder Jacob dreamed of—  
Leading from dull earth to heaven;  
Linking time with things eternal.  
And if they—in right direction—  
Have their groping footsteps guided,  
They'll at last secure a pathway

That is not so labyrinthine,—  
That becomes less rough and rugged,  
As they journey toward the eastward,  
With each step of their advancement,  
And the further they explore it.  
And, in final day of judgment,  
Of a figurative meaning,  
These same goats, or very *black* sheep,  
May have waded through the waters ;  
May have passed through streams of  
knowledge,  
And be bleached to snowy whiteness ;  
May be lambs, and without blemish !

### *Saints' Days.*

From the land of many Saints' days,—  
From the land so blessed with Saints'  
days,  
That the child who has no Saints' day  
Is no better than *poor white trash*,  
And not half as good as *black trash*,  
And in hardest kind of weather.  
Is that ancient bird, the Phoenix,  
That was fired up, in fable,  
From its own unburied ashes,

And that, in its resurrection,  
Has oft done the world much service,  
Through the arches of the ages,  
In a metaphoric fashion ;  
And is ready, at short notice,  
To aid any flight of fancy  
Of an orator in trouble.  
Is like child without a mother,  
That came sliding down a rainbow,  
Or, by post, on zigzag lightning,  
Shaking earth e'en to its centre.  
Is like one who, being *smitten*,—  
By a blow swung from the shoulder,—  
With much philanthropic smiling,  
With much *suaviter in modo*,  
Turns his cheek to his assailant,  
And requests a repetition  
Of the punishment inflicted !  
And, in fact, to end the matter,  
Is like sounds that make no echoes,  
And like sights no eye has e'er seen,  
And like words no tongue has uttered.  
Is a thing that ne'er existed  
Since this island has been saintly,  
With the number of its Saints' days.

*Funerals.*

And 'tis not inapt to mention,  
As *post scriptum* to the Saints' days,  
And remarks on church processions,  
That the custom with the dead here  
Is, in general, very Cuban ;  
Though, in some things, European :  
As permitted non-attendance  
Of the family at fun'rals,—  
Of all woman-kind at fun'rals,—  
Which is better than to harrow  
Hearts already torn with anguish,  
From the dwelling to the heaping  
Of the hillock on the coffin ;  
To the torture of the living ;  
To the crucifying feelings,  
And with no sufficient reason.  
This is certainly a long step,  
And a step in right direction ;  
But when male friends follow coffins,  
And in loquacious groupings,  
Without any kind of order,—  
That's a step that's retrogressive,  
And it seems a little startling ;

Yet 'tis custom of the country ;  
And, besides, to carry coffins  
On the shoulders of the male friends,  
Quite a distance from the dwelling,  
Amidst heat and dust oppressive,  
To be hearsed, at last, and driven  
To the grave-yard in the suburbs,  
In a hearse as ostentatious  
As much gilding, plumes, and glass can  
Make a gaudy presentation ;  
With a driver in rich liv'ry,—  
Made of many fancy colors,—  
With cocked hat and shoes and buckles,  
Like a dandy of the old school ;  
Or a tawdry advertisement,  
Like a show-cart at a circus ;  
Which is rather out of keeping  
With the mind's supposed condition,  
With the soul's humiliation.

*The Beggar's Petition.*

From the land of many beggars,  
Who, in droves, afflict the cities,  
And with all the foul exposures  
Of their maims, and sores, and bruises,



And soul-sickening afflictions,  
Make their Saturday processions,  
To the stores and to the houses,  
With the certainty of clock-work,  
By consent of City Fathers,  
Who should care for these poor wretches  
In a different kind of fashion,  
In a better kind of fashion ;  
In a fashion much more seemly,  
Saving them from degradation,  
And all hearts from laceration.

From the land of *Carne puerco*,—  
Which means either pig's or hog's flesh,—  
Where the pigs are pigs of breeding,  
That is, of their owners' breeding,  
And are all well behaved—*at table*,  
And, indeed, before they're served up,—  
While they're growing for the table,—  
When they're tethered near the houses,  
Tied to stakes securely driven ;  
And they have quite dainty feeding  
From the mast of royal palm-trees ;  
And they're never gross and *hoggish* ;  
Never do, like Sir John Falstaff,  
“Lard the lean earth” with their fatness,  
But are clean, and sweet, and *piggish*,  
Yielding most delicious flavor

To the educated palates  
Of the Epicurean school.

*Inspiration.*

From the land of the "Shu-shuh-gah;"  
(To make free with the blue heron,  
As 'tis named in "Hiawatha,")  
Which has such a sound suggestive  
Of the *sugar* of this island,  
As to rule the mind and fancy  
With most absolute controlment.  
And this name, of the "Shu-shuh-gah,"  
This blue heron of the far West,  
Was a bird of special omen,—  
Was a word of fate to poet;  
Was an index never swerving:  
Pointing rigidly, as granite,  
To the *form* his thoughts might enter;  
To uncompromising costume.  
He had meant, this *Estrangero*,  
To appear in prose attire,  
But the song of the "Shu-shuh-gah"  
Was a sound that never left him,  
Not in day-time, nor in night-time.  
It kept rolling on the hours;

It kept flitting on the moments,  
With persistency surprising,  
With a force that kept increasing,  
Like a snow-ball rolled in new snow ;  
Like the rushing sound of water,—  
Of a cataract at night-time ;  
Like the wind that moves in cyclones ;  
Like a thought that morbid fancy  
Feels impels it to an action  
Which electrifies the spirit,  
And revolts its human nature ;  
And which quickens every fibre  
With a nervous apprehension  
That delirium approaches,  
That, by wildness, fixes vision,  
That, by horror, is attractive ;  
That keeps urging and reurging,  
Till, at last, its culmination  
Is a suicide or murder !  
Which, to all the daily journals,  
Is a masqueraded blessing ;  
As a theme for correspondence,  
And reporting very spicy ;  
Of attempted interviewing,  
And with diagrams so graphic,  
And so very *para-graphic*,  
That those papers keep on *booming*,

Till some new sensation rises  
Or the jury is empanelled.  
Which bequest of *Magna Charta*  
May commit another murder  
By unwarranted conclusions ;  
Or may cause a fearful riot,  
By its sentimental nonsense,  
By its metaphysic moonings,  
In the giving crime new license,  
And by disregard of justice.  
For, in such a case as this is—  
In the case that has been stated—  
Of a homicidal mania,  
When it can be *clearly proven*,  
The unfortunate demented  
Should not coolly be presented  
With the freedom of all cities ;  
Should not be allowed to wander  
Where the act might be repeated.  
He should be in safe asylum,  
And the public, that poor victim,  
Who is such a hackneyed scape-goat,  
Should have guaranty sufficient :  
Be abundantly protected  
'Gainst unfortunate recurrence  
Of a homicidal mania,  
Or a suicidal mania.

Now, perhaps the name, "Shu-shuh-gah,"

Is the cause of other murder :  
Of the murder of King's English ;  
Of the killing sense and reason ;  
And requires prompt atonement,  
By a public execution,  
Or seclusion in a mad-house.  
Well, if this is so, 'tis plead that  
We're already in a mad-house ;  
For this world is but a mad-house,  
Or a stage for mad play-actors ;  
And the beings of sound reason  
Are like those whose sight is perfect,  
Or like angel visitations,—  
Very few, and far between them !  
They're so paltry in appearance,  
And contemptible in numbers,  
That philosophy has stated  
That, when madmen learn their power,  
There'll be requiems for reason,  
And for wise men—only prisons !

From the land of the molasses,  
But, alas ! not where my lass is.  
And I have *four* darling lasses,—  
Counting wife and *three* dear daughters,—  
Of whom *one* is up in heaven

With the gracious God who made her.  
Called to heaven by her Maker,  
Just to make pure spirits purer ;  
Just to make bright heaven brighter ;  
Just to make sweet music sweeter ;  
With the angel voice He gave her,  
Ere to earth the angels brought her  
As a loan from Gracious Goodness,  
To be claimed at heaven's pleasure,  
When her infant ministration  
Should have done its proper work here ;  
Should have opened hearts long sealed  
up,  
Like the rock the prophet's wand touched ;  
Should have helped an obscure vision,  
And restored to ears their functions ;  
And the erring steps had brought back  
To the paths from which they'd wandered ;  
And all this she had accomplished  
Ere earth's woes could pain her pure  
heart ;  
Ere earth's sins could soil her garments.  
And we knew, with knowledge perfect,  
Though our hearts were draped in mourn-  
ing,  
She was called to heaven, in mercy,  
As a link in soul's salvation,

That can make the chain so perfect  
That it never will be sundered,  
When it shall be re-established  
In the presence of HIS WHITE THRONE,  
With His smile of approbation.

In the land of the molasses,  
Where they have few window-glasses ;  
Where their *panes* are not *at present*,  
Though what *pains* may come *hereafter*  
Must depend upon their conduct  
While they make their pilgrim's progress  
Through this valley of the shadow ;  
Through this trial of the spirit ;  
Through this scene of fierce probation,  
Where "the whips and scorns of time"  
Oft make calamity immortal ;  
Through this highway and this low-way,  
Leading to that unknown country,—  
To "the undiscovered country,  
From whose bourn" there's sure assur-  
ance

That no traveller returneth.  
So, at least, says William Shakspeare,  
And, if he was not inspired,  
Then, of course, we're all mistaken,  
And there is no inspiration.

*The Cucuyo.*

From the land where the *Cucuyo*,  
With its phosphorescent glory,  
Soars above all other glow-worms :  
Shadows lightning-bugs completely ;  
Other fire-flies eclipses ;  
And does this without pretension :  
Makes no fuss at all about it ;  
And, in this, it copies closely  
The unconsciousness of goodness.  
The soft moon, and golden stars, here,  
Which excel, and never know it,  
The pale radiance of Luna,  
And the dimmer stellar brightness  
Seen in other lands less favored :  
Where the sky don't show as darkly,  
In its cerulean tinting,  
As the azure of the tropics,  
In the garb it daily puts on ;  
In the curtain it festoons round  
The night's visible horizon ;  
Where the atmosphere, transparent,  
Is so rarefied by sun-heat  
That the wide expanse of heaven



Seems unfolded to the vision,  
And by telescopic power,  
And through lenses God created.

Moore, the sweetest bard of Erin,  
And the brightest bard of Erin,  
Dwelt a short time in Bermuda,  
And, no doubt, had seen *Cucuyo*,  
And knew well, perhaps, *Cucuyo*,  
By a name somewhat plebeian :  
As the lightning-bug, most likely,  
Or as fire-fly's relation.  
Moore, too, must have felt its brightness  
As a source of inspiration,  
When he heard the plaintive story,  
In the State of *Old Virginny*,  
As foundation for that poem  
Which has changed the "Dismal Swamp"  
there  
To a lake more celebrated  
Than the lakes of famed Killarney,  
Or the sweet vale of Avoca.  
Thus *Cucuyo's* light, reflected  
On the poet's fervid fancy,  
Had its out-growth in a figure  
Very neat and captivating ;  
In a metaphor attractive,  
Both to ear and other senses :

In the "fire-fly-lamp," poetic,  
That he gave his spirit-maiden,  
Which the broken-hearted lover  
Dreamed, in his demented vision,  
That his spirit-maiden carried,—  
Ever, ever, ever carried!

As her light canoe she paddled  
On that lake so sad and lonely.

By the aid of Fancy's sketches,  
The *Cucuyo* might be transformed  
From the *insect generation*  
To the humming-bird persuasion;  
For, in size, 'tis half as large as  
Those small humming-birds coquetting  
With the fragrance of the woodbine  
And the sweets their crimson cups hold.  
Then, in compliment, regard it  
As a humming-bird's first cousin,  
Dwarfed for some ancestral sinning,  
Which has never been atoned for;  
Which prevents its finding grace now,—  
Keeps its body still ungraceful,  
And its soul (?) that may be shining  
Through its thorax and its green sides,  
With the light of future pardon,  
And of grace, at last triumphant.  
And the light which it keeps showing,

And which never is extinguished  
While the lamp of life keeps burning,  
Is a steady light, whose streaming  
May be used, and is so often,  
As a student-lamp for reading  
By some eyes not duly cared for ;  
By some people young and foolish.  
And, in Cuba, many maidens  
Oft impale these harmless creatures ;  
Keep them fastened in their dark hair,  
To outshine the rarest diamonds  
With the splendor of their flashes,—  
With the living light they pour forth.  
And these uncomplaining insects  
Are without alleged offences ;  
Have been guilty of no sinning,  
Save the *spreading light*,—God-given,—  
Like Prometheus, the Titan ;  
Like the world's accepted martyrs ;  
Like the truest of all martyrs,  
Who have made this earth the wiser,  
And the better, and the brighter  
By that fate they dared and suffered  
For humanity's advancement,  
For the raising manhood's standard  
From the mire where they found it  
To a platform nearer heaven ;

By the light they drew, like Franklin,  
From the clouds where God had stored it;  
By the light they were dispensing  
As evangels of Almighty.

*Peather Crabbed.*

From the land of the *cangrejos*,  
Which, for crabs, are quite romantic,  
For they crawl the streets by moonlight,  
And in preference to dark nights;  
Strike their shells against the houses  
In a serenading manner,  
Just like castanets, or drum-sticks  
Beating tattoo on drum-barrels,  
Or on hoops that shield the drum-heads;  
And they walk in doors and windows,  
Where sweet music may be sounding;  
Where young ladies may be sitting;  
With a consciousness of welcome,  
Without faintest invitation,  
Save the strong poetic spasm  
That attracts them towards the ladies,  
Who they deem cannot feel crabbed  
At their *hard-shell* admiration.  
Yet these crabs might puzzle Malthus,

And his work on population,  
For, as crabs, they're not increasing,  
As inhabitants of cities,—  
Like the *pulgas* and mosquitoes,—  
But, like Indians, are dwindling,  
As the march of civ'lization  
Takes them 'twixt its cruel millstones,  
And, by policy and pounding,  
And by crowding and by crushing,  
Drives them back into the ocean,  
And deprives them of their play-grounds,  
Which they used to keep for hunting,  
Or for crab-like recreation ;  
Like those hunting-grounds where *Injuns*  
Plied their tomahawks and war-clubs  
And drove stakes—which were no *beef-*  
*steaks*—

Very firmly in the hard earth,  
For the roasting and the frying,  
And the broiling and the baking,  
Of their dusky friends and neighbors,  
And the impudent *pale-faces*—  
Men, and women, and young babies—  
Who would try to be pre-empting  
Vacant land, without more title  
Than the God of Nature gave them,  
When he told their Eden parents

That to them and their begetting  
The whole earth should be a garden,  
And a field for useful labor,  
And a family possession,  
E'en forever and forever.

And these crabs that once abounded  
In this town and other cities,  
In such numbers that a poet,  
Without straining, might compare them  
To the leaves of Vallambrosa;  
And 'tis thought those leaves were many,  
Like the snow-flakes in a snow-storm:  
And these crabs, like Vallambrosa,  
Have been troubled with *a leaving*,  
By persistent persecution,  
Till from having, as they once had,  
Such a run of towns with paved streets,  
(Where they played their games of *racket*;  
Where they always danced *the racket*,)  
That their crawling o'er the pavements  
Seemed, at night, like troops in motion,  
Like the charge at Balaclava,—  
Like the Light Brigade of England,—  
Like the tread of many horses.  
And 'twas common, in the morning,  
From the drubbings they had met with,  
To find crabs were *hors du combat*,

As completely as some horses  
In that charge at Balaclava,—  
Which, as act of a forlorn hope ;  
As a feat of desp'rate daring,  
By a group of gallant spirits ;  
Is renowned in song and story,  
And will never be forgotten  
When chivalric deeds are talked of,  
Or devotion patriotic  
Claims their nation's admiration.

Now these crabs were the Philistines ;  
And the Samsons, in the night-time,  
Made no bones of *walking through them*  
With a tread annihilating ;  
So that carts would cart their corpses  
Very early in the morning,  
To prevent contagion breeding,  
To the camps where turkey-buzzards,  
And their Ways and Means Committees,  
Would assemble for discussing  
Most important finance questions,  
And the rights they claim to free trade  
In the markets of the whole world,  
To the which they want a *carte-blanche*,  
And not *carts* like those of Cuba.

Now the carts that grace this island  
Are the largest can be thought of,

To be drawn by very small mules ;  
And those carts that served for hearses  
To the crabs slain on the streets here,  
Are, at last, like black Othello,  
(When he meditates the murder  
Of the doting Desdemona,)  
Stripped of warlike occupation.  
They're among the things that have been,  
Like the first love of a maiden,  
Or mock auctioneer in prison ;  
They are things now but of hist'ry,  
Though of hist'ry very recent ;  
And the crabs—that's those remaining—  
They grow more and more like *Injuns* ;  
They're like "Lo," that oft-named savage ;  
They're like many other *Injuns*,—  
Have their proper *reservations*,  
And, if found in white man's quarters,  
They are mauled and so ill-treated,  
That they quite despise refinements  
Which obstruct their explorations.  
They abominate advancement  
That advances on their hard-shells,  
That's so crushing to their crab-life.



*Arañas and Tel-Arañas.*

From the land of the *arañas*,—  
Which is Spanish for the spiders ;  
From the land where *tel-arañas*  
(Spiders' webs are *tel-arañas*)  
Hang in festoons from the rafters,  
With their many kinds of shading,  
From light brown to darkest sable,  
While not deemed so ornamental  
As to challenge admiration,  
Or be claimed as floral garlands,  
They are treated very gently ;  
No objections urged against them  
As they flutter in the breezes,  
Like the flags that sweep the ocean  
In bravado to small nations.  
And a proof of this assertion  
Is an anecdote good-natured,

*A Cuban Friend.*

Of a Cuban friend who read this,  
And who deemed it warmly colored,  
And commenced a protestation ;  
When the writer, smiling gently,

Pointed to his cedar rafters,—  
To his solid cedar rafters ;  
To his rafters highly polished,  
From which fluttered, quite unnoticed,  
Spiders' webs and by the dozens ;  
*Tel-arañas* by the hundred ;  
Just dead loads of *tel-arañas* ;  
Though, in fact, 'twas not best season  
For large crops of *tel-arañas*.  
Then the gentleman referred to  
Smiled a cheerful acquiescence,  
And, invoking a dependent,  
Made him engineer a long pole,  
Organized for the occasion,  
And assail with desp'rate daring  
Those same lofty cedar rafters,  
Twenty feet above the marble,—  
The quadrangulated marble  
Of that tessellated smooth floor,  
And arouse all the *arañas*  
From their somnolent condition ;  
From their dreams of circumvention  
Of the flippant flies and foolish.  
"Recklessly assail those foemen !  
(This he said, as fearing no men,)  
"Recklessly assail those foemen  
With the besom of destruction !



TEL-ARAÑAS.



Till they think that Rome is howling  
At barbarian invasion !  
Sweep with broom that no remorse  
knows,

And demolish by one fell sweep,  
Those intrusive *tel-arañas* !”

Thus he called his man Matteo,  
Who deserves especial mention ;  
Who shall have especial mention ;  
Who was growing old—but lazy !  
Well, e’en language fails this moment  
To express his inanition,  
Which has always been his *strong point*,  
And an heir-loom in his family.  
He had been, since natal hour,  
Noted for the torpid action  
Of his metaphysic structure  
And his body’s locomotion ;  
And, had laziness been fortune,  
Then his wealth would far exceed that  
Of all New York’s noted gold kings,  
Or the wealth of all the Rothschilds,  
Or of Lydian monarch Cræsus,  
Or the mines of famed Golconda,  
And would discount California,  
Make Nevada die with envy,  
And collapse poor Colorado.

This *black prince*,—he can't be blacker,  
Since black charcoal makes a white mark  
On his face and midnight features,—  
This *black prince*, who's named Matteo,  
Is unlike that royal scion ;  
Is unlike the son of Edward,  
Saying that he *is* a *black prince*,  
Black as Ethiopie can furnish,  
And a *real* very black prince,  
Who had been, in lispings hours,  
Out in Congo or the Soudan ;  
Captured, sold, and shipped in slaver,  
To be *civilized* in Cuba,  
Working sugar on plantations,  
When an overseer *could* work him,  
Which no overseer on two legs  
Ever could succeed in doing,  
Though they might easily have killed him.  
So they made him a house-servant,  
And they called him *Slow-and-easy*,  
In equivalent expression,  
And in not the best Castilian.  
Now Matteo proved his title :  
Proved, and quite established birthright,—  
Proved his royalty inherent  
By his hatred of all labor ;  
By his dull and stupid staring,

And by grins at loud reproaches ;  
By his snail-like labored motions  
When a house might be on fire,  
Or emergency was calling,  
Such as even sloths might warm to ;  
Such as might excite mud-turtles,  
Or would set a snail to waltzing,  
Or might make e'en corpses lively.

He it was, this same Matteo,  
Who could sit with mouth wide open,  
Catching flies like alligators,  
And, with lips like links of sausage  
Roused from sleep in ancient smoke-house ;  
Looking as though hibernating,  
And as dormant as a fossil ;  
Looking vacantly on—*nothing*,  
With a dull lethargic staring :  
Waiting little birdling's tendance ;  
Hoping little birds would feed him ;  
- Waiting for Elijah's ravens  
To drop food into his red mouth,  
Just between his gums and grinders ;  
To bring meals from eating-houses,  
And to pay his little bills there ;  
Which would make this world an Eden,  
Such as poets never dreamed of,  
Such as artists never painted,

Such as sculptors never chiselled.

He it was our friend now summoned,—  
And 'twould be a real pleasure,  
Now, to give that real friend's name ;  
But he's diffident to shyness,  
So we'll call him just Don Carlos,  
Who dwells in a lovely *quinta*,  
Just on edge of city limits,  
Where he entertains quite princely,  
On the best that wealth can furnish,  
Both of nectar and ambrosia,  
Which give room for free translation  
Into any wine or diet  
Different fancies may desire.  
And our cherished friend, Don Carlos,  
Summoned, now, his man Matteo,—  
Even he—old *Slow-and-easy* ;  
And he came, as to a fun'ral ;  
And when told that he must labor,  
And when shown the work before him,  
Moved around as broken-hearted  
As though weeping o'er the coffin  
Of his wife's departed mother.  
All this while his master urged him,  
With appeals that rocks might soften ;  
That might make e'en stout trees caper,  
And make weeping-willows cheerful ;



Urged him with gesticulation,  
Every gushing word portraying,  
To be more expert in motion ;  
To let besom crowd all sail on ;  
To nail broom up to his mast-head,  
Like an Amsterdam high-admiral,  
Or some other 'dam high-admiral,  
Who, though high in rank and prowess,  
Spoke *low* Dutch to all his sailors ;  
Wrote *low Dutch* in correspondence  
With their *Highnesses* of Holland.  
Thus Don Carlos spared no effort  
To arouse his man, Matteo,  
To a little pluck and pushing ;  
To a sense of moral duty ;  
To a *spurt* of wakeful action.  
But he might as well have whistled  
Irish jigs to English mile-stones,  
Or have preached to legs of mutton,  
Or have tried to move a mountain,  
E'en a "Greenland's Icy Mountain,"  
As to stimulate Matteo,—  
Save by drinks of *aguardiente*,  
Or by offer of *more* dinner  
After he had finished eating ;  
When he'd dined, and to repletion ;  
Which would cause his eyes to blink like

Frogs', when imitating oxen,  
By distention to explosion.

Still, the work was slowly finished,  
In a very slipshod fashion,  
And the sweeping done and over ;  
When the sweeper grinned with pleasure,  
Like a sooty Jacky Horner  
With a Christmas-pie in prospect,  
In the shape of rest from labor ;  
In the shape of call alluring,—  
Call—from labor to refreshment !  
Though those very nimble spiders,  
From their nooks and their dim corners,  
Laughed to see the awkward progress  
Of Matteo's broom in motion.  
And Matteo never saw them ;  
Never heard their scornful laughter ;  
But he smiled, and smiled quite blandly,  
At the epithets his master  
Rained on paralytic process ;  
Showered on his ghastly motions ;  
On his tenderness in sweeping ;  
Which had done some *partial* slaughter,  
While Don Carlos supervised him,  
But had left concealed *arañas*  
Clinging to those cedar rafters,—  
Just as nest-eggs for a new crop.

*Araña Peluda and Caballo del  
Diablo.*

Before leaving the *arañas*,  
No excuse would be admitted  
At the failure, at this moment,  
At this opportune occasion,  
To introduce the country cousins  
Of the spider of the houses,  
Which, besides the name *araña*,  
Takes *Peluda* as its surname,  
Which word signifies 'tis *hairy* ;  
As it is, and *very hairy* ;  
And 'tis larger, with its eight legs,—  
Very long, and very black legs,—  
Than the hand of any baby.  
And it burrows very deeply,  
Say as deep as eighteen inches,  
And, sometimes, as deep as two feet,  
In the holes it digs in gardens,  
Or in country excavations ;  
And it hunts its prey at night-time,  
Without aid of *tel-arañas*,  
But with awkwardness and main strength,  
It goes hunting, in the darkness,

Seeking what it may devour,  
And devours what it fancies;  
But there's one thing it *don't fancy*,—  
The *caballo del diablo*,  
Or, the Devil's horse, translated,—  
That's a fly, in length three inches,  
And like what is often seen in  
The Northern States and Southern,—  
But, in Cuba, is more vicious  
Than the Yankee *Satan's small steed*;  
And is fearless as Achilles,  
And without Achilles' armor;  
And it has a bitter grudge 'gainst  
The *araña* in its cloister,—  
In its excavated parlor,  
Where it don't sing songs inviting  
Visitation to its parlor  
Of sophisticated vermin,—  
Of this winged horse with long legs,  
And with sting that darts much venom.  
But *caballo del diablo*  
Goes in search of that *araña*  
In the last depths of his cavern;  
Even into his sub-cellar,—  
Bearding lion in his own den!  
Thus compelling him to follow,  
From researches geologic,—

From abstractions metaphysic,  
From the darkness to the surface,  
And accept the gage of battle,  
Which is *always* mortal conflict;  
And which often lasts for hours,  
And which always ends in conquest  
Of the very hairy spider  
By *caballo del diablo*,  
Who appropriates the body  
To his own domestic uses,  
And, by this, he illustrates well  
The oft-quoted combination,  
Of *the world*—and its small conflicts;  
Of *the Flesh*—and its rebellions;  
And *the Devil*—seeking victims.

### *Phinplasters.*

From the land of paper money,  
Which is at a dreadful discount;  
Where its *par* is a step-father  
That's discarded it forever,  
While the babe roams torn and ragged,  
Like the vilest of creation,  
And offending all the senses,  
Which, in vain, invoke protection

'Gainst a limping tattered nuisance,  
Almost equal to street-beggars.  
From this land of paper-money,  
Where the large notes, like the "fifties,"  
Or of even smaller sizes,  
Are as large as pony-blankets,  
Or as baby-quilts for cradles ;  
And are meanest of shinplasters ;  
And they look dilapidated,  
To the verge of dissolution,  
And beyond the recognition  
Of the eyes not microscopic ;  
And they travel through the country  
On a mission of contagion,  
And get in and out the pockets,  
That reluctantly receive them,  
Growing heavier with dirt-stains,  
And accumulating suet,  
As they lighter grow in value,  
And in loss of pristine paper.

And this paper epidemic  
Is an evil so unquestioned  
That it quite unsettles values,  
Where the paper has a value ;  
But it has no real value ;  
While the discount keeps increasing,  
While there's doubt of its redemption.

No, it has no real value,  
Though divisible in *reals*,  
(That's the name for Spanish dimes here,)   
Ten of which are called a dollar,—  
That's ten reals, called *sencillo*,  
Which means *light* and simple *reals*,  
While eight *reals*, they call *fuerte*,—  
Which means *strong* when you speak  
Spanish,—

Make a dollar of like value.  
So a dollar means a dollar,  
Whether paper, gold, or silver;  
But a *real's* fluctuating,  
Even with a real value;  
That's a real silver *real*  
Which is proved, like married women,—  
Proved like brides who've been to church  
here,—

By the genuineness of its *ringing*;  
By its *ring upon the finger*,  
As a scale for doubtful money.

Now a word more on this subject,  
On this monetary subject,  
To correct strange misconception  
Which has grown up with most people  
About *doblons* and *onzas*,  
Which they anglicize at pleasure,

And call double loons and ounces ;  
And they quite transpose their values,  
Making *double loons* the larger,  
When they're only quarter-ounces,  
And four dollars and a quarter  
Is a *doblon's* full value ;  
Though some would-be-wise persist in  
A most obstinate denial,  
And in spite of demonstration,  
Which the lisping babes of Cuba  
Can, at shortest notice, furnish.

*Poaches and other Birds.*

From the land where the cockroaches  
Are not larger than canaries,  
And not smaller than the rice-birds,  
And fly faster than the herons,  
Or than hawks when they're pursuing,  
Or than hungry turkey-buzzards  
When they spy a dying donkey,  
While they cleave the air, much tainted,  
With alacrity hilarious.  
From this land of the *legartos*,—  
Which word means the playful lizards,  
Which oft pop—quite unexpected—



From a sugar-bowl or basin,  
And fix glist'ning eyes upon you,  
Full of mirthfulness and mischief,  
Which say, in legarto language,  
"Ah! you see, I'm here before you!  
Does your mother know you're out, sir?"  
From this land of *centopies*,  
Or the hundred-legged creatures:  
This home of *escorpiones*,  
With their vivacious poisoned tails;  
With their very painful stings;  
This paradise of *hormigas*,—  
Ants,—some kinds can carry trees off  
As those named the *vivi-aguas*,  
Or, in English, "Lively Waters"!  
These can really carry trees off,  
As they march in long processions;  
As they march in countless thousands,  
Bearing fragments on their small backs,  
Leaving trees quite bare of verdure,  
Just for moonlight recreation,  
As a single night's amusement!  
And they'll carry off the houses  
If they're only granted leisure;  
They'll dilapidate large houses,  
And compel their renovation,  
Or, in years, will leave them ruins.

This resort of the *tornados*,  
(One of which now rages round us,) Patronized by *hurricanes*.

*Billeteiros.*

Where a host of *billeteiros*,—  
Who are peddlers of perdition,  
Who are lottery-ticket venders,—  
With excruciating voices,  
Are far worse than the worst locusts,  
And devour all the substance  
Gleaned by the ignorant and poor,  
Who, while grasping at the shadow  
Of an evanescent fortune,  
Miss the real fortune waiting,—  
It may be—waiting at their door!  
Where the wolf, too, stands to greet them,  
As it laughs at their delusions,  
Which dig their miserable graves.

One thing more about these voices;  
These mind's-peace-destroying voices;  
Which requires to be mentioned,—  
That there's quite a lot of people  
Who bring many things to market;  
Who sell goods upon the sidewalks;

At the doors and at the windows,  
And who rap against the shutters,  
And who tap upon the irons,  
And who peep through all the key-holes ;

*Peeping.*

Peep with pertinacious peeping,  
As a thing of country's custom,  
That should never be surprising,  
And that merits no resentment,  
Like the peeping that's reported  
By Lord Tennyson, and others,  
On that gracious queen of England,  
On the beautiful Godiva.  
When she rode in summer costume,  
Dressed alone in spotless beauty,  
And in purity like heavens,  
Through those silent streets in daytime,  
With a heart brimful of goodness ;  
Overflowing with devotion  
And with mercy for those people,  
Who were different from these people,  
From these miscellaneous people,  
Who can see no harm in peeping ;  
Not in peeping through large key-holes,  
When they seek for—information.

*Commercial.*

And these miscellaneous people,  
Who sell notions on the sidewalks ;  
Who sell wet, and moist, and dry-goods,—  
And the dry-goods, for the reason  
That the shopping our home-folks  
Are so zealous for, in daytime,  
Is deferred, in this warm climate,  
Till quite late in early evening ;  
And it lasts from eight to ten, when  
Chatty ladies and *dueñas*  
Make clerk's humdrum life seem lively,  
By investigating dry-goods,  
And exploring all the shelving,  
And pre-empting "fancy fixins"  
For the household's wants and wishes,  
Or for female occupation,  
And for source of female chitchat.

Yes, these nabobs of the side-walk,  
And these Claffins of the curbstone,  
And Field, Lighters, of the pavement,  
Sell their wet, and moist, and dry-goods,  
Such as milk, and fruit, and frilling ;  
Such as laces, tapes, and linen ;  
(And a lot of female jimcracks,

That are smuggled and sold cheaply ;)  
Such as fish, and eggs, and poultry ;  
Such as sweetmeats, pigs, and parrots ;  
Such as peanut sugar-candy,—  
Sold by negresses uncleanly,—  
Which they christen "*alegria*,"  
As a joke on *something joyful*,  
Which is "*alegria's*" meaning ;  
And these negresses uncleanly  
Are a race that's fat and lazy,  
Who, with hoofs quite elephantine,—  
Often without shoes or stockings,  
And with costumes which display well  
Graceful outline of the figure,  
With its humps, and bumps, and curv-  
ings,—  
Make their pleasant pilgrimages,—  
Bawling, loudly, "*alegria !*"  
With big baskets nicely balanced  
On their heads so crisp and woolly,  
They'd be splendid for mattresses,  
And whose pores do much distilling  
Of a greasy sweat,—not ichor,  
Such as came from chaste Diana  
When she hunted after sun-up ;  
Or the sapient Minerva  
Working hard at mathematics ;

Or through Venus permeated  
When her husband caught her tripping;  
Or, perhaps, caused Hebe's stumble,  
When she made great Juno jealous;  
When, as Jupiter's cup-bearer,  
She gave Jove his fav'rite tippie,  
As enthroned on Mount Olympus,  
And, most likely, *half-seas-over*,  
He drank toasts with jolly Neptune;  
Ordered thunderbolts from Vulcan,  
For experimental lightning,  
For amusement pantheontic,—  
For pyrotechnical displays.

And these merchants on the sidewalks  
Pay a special local license,  
And they sell their goods and chattels,  
Such as those that have been mentioned:  
Such as Chinese-made confections,  
Sold by Chinese shaking rattles,  
Shaking large tin baby-rattles,  
Striking large and small triangles,  
Beating bamboos on flat boxes,  
Looking grave as learned pundits,  
Or as chancellors on woolsacks;  
Crying, oft-times, Chinese ice-creams,  
To line stomachs copper-bottomed!  
Or, for fancies adamantine,

They yell out their water-ices.  
YELL! ay, there's the word that's  
needed,—

That expresses without rhyming—  
And without infernal rhyming—  
All the exquisite discomfort  
Of a place too hot to mention,  
Save as Satan's summer palace!  
Yes, that word needs no exchanging;  
No equivalent's accepted,  
When we talk of cries like war-whoops;  
Yells that beat the Modocs hollow,  
And which come from all street merchants,  
Of all colors and all classes;  
Of all ages and all sexes,  
Whose ambition is attained if  
They *out-yell* all competition.

But, to stop these long digressions  
And return to where we left off,  
When the *billetero* nuisance  
Raised a storm of indignation  
On a pitiful foundation:  
These rare legends and traditions,  
And these monumental truths told;  
These results of observation,  
And of careful scrutinizing;  
Made *sans* care for *sinverguenzas*,

(Who are Cuban shameless fellows,  
On a par with Yankee blackguards,)  
Are collected with some labor,  
From the land of guava jellies;  
From the land where royal palm-trees  
Are an everlasting blessing  
And a never-fading beauty!  
From the land of *chapapote*,—  
If you like just call that asphalt,  
Which is dredged in bay Cardenas,  
And, from Trinidad, is much prized,  
And is found in many places  
Not far distant from Havana,  
Though of not as fine a texture,  
Or desirable for commerce,  
But as nearly at earth's surface  
As are plantains or potatoes,  
Or as yams, or as *frijoles*,—  
This last word's pronounced *free-hole-is*,  
And it means white beans, or black ones,  
Which, *with us*, were army diet

### *The Bloody Chasm.*

Till we "bridged the Bloody Chasm,"  
And, in tend'rest embraces,  
Placed our reconstructed brothers



On our agitated bosoms,  
When, like Prodigal's old parent,  
We cried, "*Havoc!*"—to much poultry;  
On the dogs of war put muzzles,  
And we just slayed the fatted calves.  
And in this we did our duty,  
For, the sad strife being over,  
We were all again one household;  
Were again a band of brothers,  
With the bickerings of brothers,  
Which, in time, will be forgotten;  
When the causes of those squabbles  
Will exist but in tradition;  
While the joy of reconcilment  
Will be lasting and recurrent,  
And find vent in times of trouble,  
When true sympathy is needed,  
And when friendship's crowned with  
    blessings;  
In the times when *yellow fever*,  
Taking form of King of Terrors,  
Spreads a gloom o'er fruitful regions,  
Wild—and dark—as raven's plumage.  
When such *fires* as Chicago's,  
Or such flames as rose in Boston,  
Throw their glare *above* the buildings,  
And do *more* than shine through windows;

*They light up fraternal spirits,*  
And they prove our links of love are  
Just as sound and adamantine  
As when welded by THE FATHERS  
In the Hall of Independence.  
And, if further proofs are needed  
Of these interesting statements,  
They'll be met with in December,  
At the *Cotton Exposition*,  
Where the royal Mississippi  
(Who of course is married lady,)  
Winds her arm around the waist of  
Her most fascinating daughter,  
Who to Joan of Arc is likened,—  
That fair maid of inspiration,  
And the maid of OLD Orleans, too;  
While this, Mississippi's daughter,  
That sits grandly on the water,  
In her maiden meditation,  
Is, beyond all disputation,  
Virgin altogether lovely,  
And fair maid of NEW Orleans, too.

What a pleasing recollection  
Of the stars and stripes arises  
When the fatted calves are mentioned!  
'Tis like kindred reminiscence  
Of the Christmas turkey-gobbler,

Or of pumpkin-pies Thanksgiving,—  
Which excite all fervid spirits  
To their patriotic centres,  
Till they join in one grand chorus  
To those purely Yankee blessings.  
But the fatted calves in Cuba,  
They are never slain for diet ;  
So, to adolescent status,  
They proceed uninterrupted,  
And grow into beasts of burden,  
Or they grace the gay arena,

*Bull-Fights.*

Where they have their little bull-fights,  
With their *matadors* and red flags,  
On the afternoons of Sundays ;  
Which is time for recreation, —  
At bull-fights and in the cock-pit,—  
And by gen'ral recognition ;  
Though *the bulls* don't understand this,—  
If they did, would not accept it,  
And can't see *the recreation*,  
When they feel much stimulated,  
By the many darts, steel-pointed,  
That are driven in their poor necks,

Causing pain and making blood flow:  
Making all their muscles vibrate  
Like the strings of a "grand action,"  
Or the bass strings of bass viols  
Till the flesh begins to quiver,  
And their eyes to glare with madness,  
As they wildly dart in fury  
To o'erwhelm their persecutors,  
Or escape from the arena:  
From the realms of Christian kindness  
To the wilderness' mercy,  
Amidst worse than savage monsters.

Oh, these bulls are without reason,  
And so different from the Irish!  
Or from Papal Bulls we read of;  
Or the gentle bulls that pasture  
On the New York Stock Exchange floor!  
Which said bulls are sometimes "Golden":  
They tear fortunes into tatters,  
(Like those bulls oft treat the red flags,)  
Or lose fortunes and in flashes,  
And make *ducks and drakes* of fortunes,  
(Make them poultry not nutritious,—  
In the sense those names are used here,)  
And inaugurate *Black Fridays*,  
And such wide-spread consternation  
As late followed New York failures,

Amongst banks and many brokers,  
Who, like alchemists, attempted  
To turn all the baser metals  
Into gold of finest carats ;  
Into coin like double-eagles.

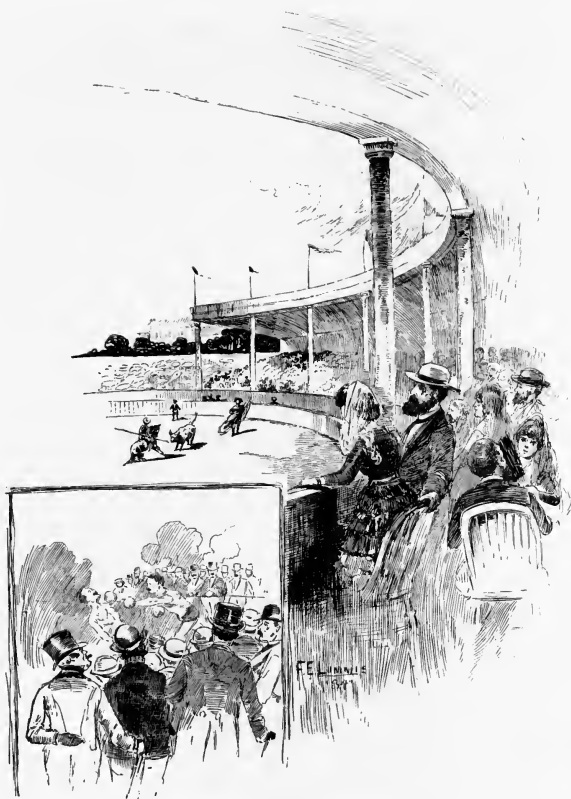
And they don't know what's amusement !

These poor animals of Cuba ;  
These possessors of blind instinct.  
They can't tell where instinct closes,  
Or where reason shoots above it ;  
And, of course, can see no fun in  
Soaring reason's little bull-fights.  
They are dumb and unresponsive  
When invited to a bull-fight ;  
Seem inclined to make excuses  
'Gainst attendance at a bull-fight ;  
And will roar, like bulls of Bashan,  
'Gainst continuance of bull-fights,  
As the fights that are not fitting  
For the age, or any nation  
Claiming faith in Christian doctrine,  
And as bad are as the *Ring* is,—  
The demoralizing prize-ring ;  
And disgusting as its fights are,  
As its brutal, bloody fights are ;  
Fights that slander gen'rous manhood,

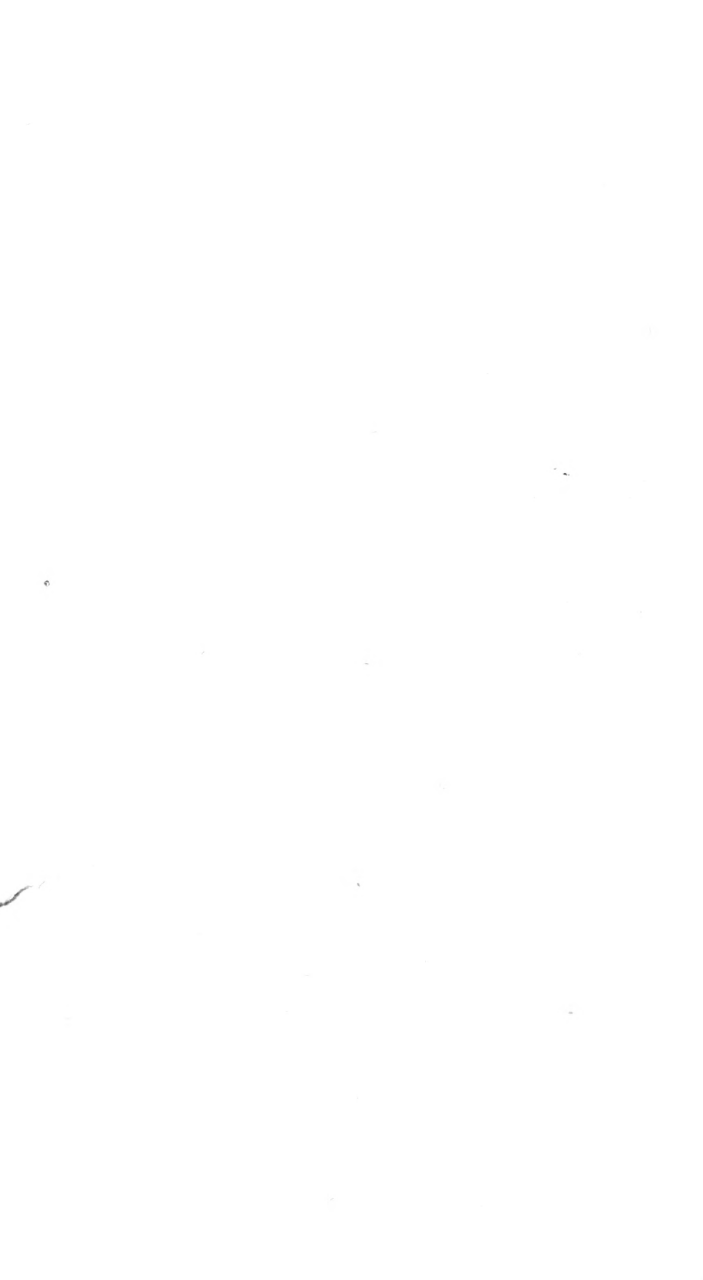
And pervert a term attractive,  
When the "manly art" they call them.

Now, *these beasts* are great improvements

On *the brutes* that strut the prize-ring ;  
These don't want to go in training  
For the features' mutilation,  
Or the body's base defilement,  
And will roar, in protestation,  
At all subterfuge attempted ;  
And in spite of special pleading  
Of the *lords of the creation*,—  
Of their *bettors* at a bull-fight ;  
Of abettors knowing better,—  
They continue their objections :  
Won't appreciate a bull-fight ;  
Won't become heroic creatures  
Floating on a sea of glory ;  
Rather would grow old in labor,  
As the cattle do here mostly,  
And, when old, be sent to market,—  
That's when very old and feeble,  
And when past all useful labor,—  
Then be *hacked up* into beefsteaks  
And in tenderloins, not tender ;  
With no tenderness about them,  
And no tendency in that way,



BULL-RING AND PRIZE-RING.





Which might make them melt like butter  
In the mouths of babes and sucklings.

*Lacteal.*

And the cows, too, they grow ancient,  
Though they're like the soil, prolific,  
And, while Nature comes to aid them,  
They secrete their pure nutrition,  
And dispense the creamy fluid,  
As they're driven to the houses  
In the towns and in the cities,  
With their muzzled calves beside them,—  
Bleating much like hungry children,—  
And are milked before the front doors,  
Where, of course, there's no deception,  
Such as milkmen practise elsewhere ;  
Though some reckless vilifiers—  
Sure such charges must be slanders !—  
Say that milkmen here in Cuba,  
Ay, that milkmen at the front doors,  
Have their tricks like other milkmen,  
Who have breeds of iron-tailed cows,—  
Which means mixing milk with water,  
At the pumps and at the hydrants,  
As 'tis said they almost all do

In the most of Yankee cities ;  
While, in Cardenas, at the houses,  
And in other Cuban cities,  
*Honest milkmen* carry sponges  
Up their sleeves and on their bare arms,  
And from thence the water trickles  
In their *honest* liquid measures !  
And they wind around their bodies  
A sufficiency of tubing,  
Subject to persuasive pressure,  
Like the bagpipes of the Scotchman ;  
And they play their pipes *so rural*,  
To a tune like " tooral-looral,"  
That the god Pan might mistake them  
For the very reeds *he* played on,  
As through sylvan scenes he wandered,  
Casting sheep's-eyes at young dryads.

Now these stories are repeated,  
Of the milkmen of both countries,—  
That's of Yankee-land and Cuba,—  
As reports that may be questioned ;  
As in want of confirmation,  
By some oaths on Holy Bible,  
Or by affirmations formal,  
Or confession on a death-bed,  
Of a conscience-stricken milkman !  
For 'tis frankly now conceded

That they're based on *ipse dixit*,  
Such as furnish the foundations  
Of the longest ed'torials,

*The Press.*

And communications strongest,  
And the raciest reportings,  
And the spiciest sensations,  
And of many dashing "leaders,"  
Of the greatest leading papers  
Of the old world and the new world,  
Whose tremendous circulation,  
With the power incidental,  
Make their voices most potential,  
To the weal or woe of millions,  
On this sublunary planet.

*Picadillo-Flash.*

From this land of the pineapples ;  
From the land of the bananas,  
Of *refrescos* and *naranjas* ;  
(Of refreshments and the orange,  
As expressed in Spanish language ;)

From the land of the *mañanas*,  
And the land of *otras dias*,—  
*That's* the land of the *to-morrows* ;  
*This*, the land of other days is :  
Both express procrastination,  
As a rule of Spanish custom  
Which exhibits few exceptions ;  
Which postpones until *to-morrow*  
What the present deems fatiguing ;  
And the future's ever distant,  
And is never heard objecting,  
Just because 'tis out of hearing !  
From the land where doubtful olives  
Make the sweet-oil more than doubtful,  
And where sweet-oil and much garlic  
Circulate among most viands  
With a freedom quite alarming  
To uneducated palates,  
That incline towards milder flavors ;  
In the land where *mantaquilla*  
Means the sickest kind of butter,  
That can discount oleomargarine.  
From the land of greasy cooking,  
From the land of many dishes,  
From the land of *huevos frescos*,  
Which the outside world calls fresh eggs ;  
Knows those eggs are quite excelling,

As of recognized fine flavor,  
And, with rice, are ever present  
As a garnish to the table,  
And as most substantial diet.  
From the land of much *tasajo*,  
(That's jerked beef when named in  
English,)   
Where they dote on the *tasajo*,  
And eat *bacalao* with relish,—  
Have the codfish at all tables,  
As a favorite standing dish.

### *Mythological.*

From the land of little Cupids ;  
Black, and yellow, and white Cupids,  
Without wings, but very dirty,  
And protuberant in stomachs,  
As we see most Cupids painted ;  
Those that have their bows and arrows,  
And that look so plump and happy,  
While they aim with deadly vigor  
At the hearts of blushing damsels.  
From the land of naked babies ;  
From the land where undressed children  
Are as innocent of fig-leaves,

Or of any other clothing,  
As were both of their first parents  
Ere they made their title cloudy  
To that paradise in Eden,  
And forbidden knowledge tasting,  
In the form of fruit seducing,  
On the branches high above them,  
Found—a thing they were not seeking—  
Found their most lamentable fall.

*Sun, Moon, and Stars.*

Yes, they come, as we continue,  
From the land of hot sunshine,  
Where the sun, when at meridian,  
Darts through flesh and bones and  
marrow  
With a force there's no resisting.  
From the land of gorgeous moonlight,  
Where the moon, of solid silver,  
Shimmers with its pale effulgence,  
And looks down on earth with splendor  
Quite unknown in frosty regions.  
From the land of peerless starlight,  
Where the stars that gem the heavens  
Seem like windows, through which glory

And eternal life descendeth  
From the Mercy-seat directly,  
And in compensating measure,  
To the suffering souls around us ;  
To bruised hearts upon this planet.

*Equine.*

From the land of rainy seasons ;  
From the land of many seasons,  
Where the crops succeed each other,  
And without renewing planting,  
Or much cost for fertilizing.  
From the land where vegetation  
Is a gracious and a free gift  
From the earth's prolific bosom,  
Which yields wealth, nor asks requital  
In the rich soil's restoration.  
And this gen'rous-hearted mother,  
In her consciousness of duty,  
Makes her precious gifts more precious  
By the way she decorates them ;  
And she robes her vegetation,  
In this land of many seasons,  
In the varied hues that rival  
All the richness of its sunsets,

All the colors of the rainbow,  
All the softness of its moonlight,  
All the grandeur of the tropics !  
Where the plantain and its kindred  
Feed the poor, whose purses languish ;  
Make luxuriant growth impartial,  
As between a hut or palace ;  
Is Republican, in leaning,  
Has a Democratic swagger,  
Yet, with sturdy independence,  
It is always self-supporting.  
From the blessed land of fragrance,  
Where the coffee spreads aroma  
Like the spice-groves of Sumatra ;  
Where the orange opes its blossoms  
As inviting to a bridal,  
That the appetite will ravish  
With a figurative union  
Of the spirit and the body,  
In its fragrance and its fruitage.  
Where the palm-tree has its uses,  
Which are numbered by the hundred ;  
Which the poets of Assyria,  
In their verse, commemorated  
As a use distinct for each day,  
(Less, perhaps, for five or six days,) .  
That we find embraced in leap-years.



For the truth of this assertion,  
It must be quite sufficient  
To refer to Edward Gibbon,  
And his comprehensive hist'ry  
Of the fall of Roman empire.  
Where—as last for special mention—  
The tree, *flamboyant*, has glory  
That excels all trees of forests,  
Or of hill-side, or of garden,  
Or its own acacia genus ;  
For its form has grace and power,  
Both in trunk and in its branches,  
And its shade is always welcome,  
And its foliage most abundant ;  
And, in color and formation,  
Is an ever new enchantment  
For an eye in search of beauty,  
And repose in softest verdure ;  
While its crown, of gorgeous flowers,  
Seems—by similes permitted—  
Like gay butterflies when swarming ;  
And in color—twixt bright orange  
And the brightest hue of scarlet—  
Makes the rainbow seem insipid,  
And indisposed to linger  
Near a rival that eclipses  
E'en the tints of *arc of promise*.

From the land of courtly Spaniards,  
And of dignified Cubanos ;  
Both are called, here, *caballeros*,  
Whether riding upon horses  
Or on mares we know *as shanks'*.  
And while talking about riding,  
Be it known that Cuban horses  
Are a blessed institution,  
And are gentle in their natures  
As some golden-haired young misses ;  
May be ridden by young children  
With the ease of rocking-horses,  
And with little more of danger.  
And a sight that's not infrequent,  
As appropriate, at present,  
As a proof of bold assertion,  
Is a youth securely mounted,  
Riding at an easy canter,  
Or a run that might be racing  
If it was a little faster,  
With a glass of pure fresh water,  
Or, perhaps, of something stronger,  
In his hand, with arm extended ;  
And the crystal never losing,  
By the jar of rapid motion,  
E'en a single drop of water,  
Or of any other fluid

That the lad had filled it up with ;  
Though the Cubans are poor drinkers,—  
That's of alcoholic liquors,—  
And they're rarely known as drunkards ;  
But they drink their share of red wine—  
The Catalan or Navarro—  
At their breakfasts and their dinners,  
(And they take, here, only two meals,)  
And they drink their milk and coffee,  
Or their milk without their coffee,  
Or they take their coffee *solo*,—  
That's alone and black as midnight,—  
At all hours and all seasons,  
With a zest completely unctuous,  
And tee-to-tally delightful  
To the army of good women,  
To the true *Salvation Army*,  
To the advocates of temperance ;  
Who don't waste much time on curbstones,  
With equivocal surroundings,  
Howling loud extravaganzas  
To the *chronic ragamuffins* :  
Giving low-priced entertainments  
To the *rag, tag, and the bobtail* ;  
And thus proving beyond question  
An intoxicated manner,—  
An intemperate condition.

*Nine Cheers.*

And still more upon this subject ;  
Near akin to gentle horses ;  
More akin to rocking-horses,  
Is that wonderful invention,  
That most blessed of inventions,  
Yankee rocking-chair invention,  
Which hails Cuba its god-father,  
And, likewise, its foster-mother ;  
For 'tis patronized in Cuba,  
With a patronage so lib'ral  
That no house is fully furnished,  
No, nor any decent office,  
That's not quite alive with rockers ;  
With extensive arm-rest rockers,  
With large cane-seated rockers ;  
With broad and high-backed rockers !  
Which are ranged in rows of sixes,  
And by nines arranged at parties,  
Or, at times, in fewer numbers,  
And arranged in rows opposing,—  
That's a *vis-à-vis* arrangement,—  
And the sexes are divided  
By the space between the rockers,

Say by three, or four, or six feet ;  
And they look like boys and maidens—  
Bouncing boys and buxom maidens—  
At their school and at their lessons ;  
And they rock with rocks unceasing,  
Which, like Scylla and Charybdis  
Threaten shipwreck to Ulysses,  
Or to any foreign misses  
Not well skilled in navigation,  
'Twixt these rocks of ceaseless motion.

*Music hath Charms.*

From the land of *boniatos*,—  
What a name for sweet-potatoes !  
From the land of figs and mangoes,  
And of cocoanuts by ship-loads ;  
Of mahogany and cedar ;  
Of *boleros* and *fandangos*,  
And some improvised queer music,  
From some instruments peculiar ;  
Rather strange to *prima donnas* ;  
Not well known to *figuerantes* ;  
Hardly fit for sacred anthems ;  
Not quite up to oratorios,  
Yet might voice forth hallelujahs,—

(Which are gushings of the spirit  
That no special forms require,—)  
And deserving special mention  
For ingenious contriving,  
And as rare desideratum  
For burlesque and *opera bouffe*.  
Think of this,—restraining laughter,—  
Think of rasping on a tin pan  
Miniatured from speaking-trumpet,  
With a crooked ear-trumpet's form!  
Beating hides across old buckets;  
Blowing blasts in olive bottles;  
In those conical stone bottles,  
Which are comical stone bottles!  
All which instruments orchestral,  
With the aid of a triangle  
And a mammoth-sized accordion,  
Make a band that can't be sneezed at,  
When a sneezing vein's not handy;  
Make some very lively music,  
Played by artists in light costume,  
Such as pants, and shirt, and waistcoats,  
(Waistcoats are not deemed essential,)  
And in shoes and, sometimes, half-hose;  
Though some independent artists  
Proudly scorn both hose and vestings,  
And do all of their investings



CUBAN BAND.





Closer to primeval nature ;  
Thinking, with an English poet,

*Beauty Unadorned.*

That sophisticated beauty  
Is a thing to be avoided ;  
While, when beauty's most denuded,—  
Stripped of all superfluous garments,—  
'Tis most highly decorated,  
Or adorned, then, most completely,  
And commands most admiration,  
When 'tis said, and said demurely,  
"To the pure all things are pure," as  
Eve's reception of her Adam :  
Adam's presence at Eve's bridal.  
Such the lessons of æsthetics,  
Whose new school's the *décollettish*,—  
Founded on the Eden fig-leaf !  
These instruct the mantua-makers,  
In their *décollette* designings,  
By which shoulders, necks, and bosoms,  
Not to mention backs and armpits,  
Are displayed to best advantage,  
To encourage pious musings,  
And immaculate conceptions,

And a host of holy thinkings  
About canonized precursors,  
And the beautiful madonnas,  
And the Magdalens so tearful,  
(Who gave up the *undressed* fashion  
When they earned their saintly titles,  
In the thorny paths of duty,)  
And to conquer carnal longings,  
And to chasten sensuous feelings,  
And extinguish fleshly passions  
When they blaze up like volcanoes,  
And to petrify the lava,  
Which, in streams of liquid fire,  
Flowing from a burning crater,  
Makes the human heart its fountain !  
And to turn it into crystals,  
Through which purity like Dian's,  
Or like white sands of the ocean,  
May be seen as "thing of beauty,"  
Yes, and as a "joy forever !"

Oh, there's nothing so improving  
As the *undressed* style of dressing !  
The emancipating *nature*  
From its antiquated fetters ;  
From its artificial fetters.  
And as instance edifying,  
And, besides, as illustrating

This most self-apparent problem,—  
There is nothing purifying,  
Not on earth nor up in heaven,  
But has got its firm foundation  
On the *Naked Truth* established!  
Now, are maidens more than angels?  
Who, in this, are *décollettish*,  
Though no “Demorest” they follow,  
And no fashion-plates they publish;  
But wear always robes transparent;  
Garments so extremely gauzy,  
That they never would be mentioned,  
Save that, in angelic parlance,  
“Robes of Righteousness” they call  
                  them;

And there’s no one blames the angels,  
Or pretends that their apparel  
Squints at all at the immodest;  
Could be charged as the immoral;  
Or be blamed as the indecent.

Then let *décollette* apparel:  
Let bare arms and naked shoulders,  
And et cæteras and et cæteras,  
Flash like light across the visions,  
And delight our sober senses,  
Till they ache with moral yearning,  
And exhale divine afflatus!

Let them be the "joy forever,"  
As the episodes of beauty,  
And the germ of pure platonics,  
And as antidotes to evil!  
Only let them *stop descending*,  
Now that shoulder-straps have left them  
With no upper-works to hold them;  
For we know that things descending  
Have accelerated motion,  
And if *décollettish* fashions  
Give an increase of momentum  
As approaching to earth's centre,  
With *their* gravity astounding,  
And our *gravity* astounded,  
They'll make facial transformations  
As a matter *prima facie*,  
Then draw corners of our mouths up;  
Start all diaphragms vibrating,  
Make us smile, and smile grotesquely;  
Make us laugh, in laughing spasms;  
Fill our smooth skins full of wrinkles,  
Formed by sternutating grinnings;  
Urge our hearts, and lungs, and livers  
To a state of inflammation;  
Set our backs and spines to aching,  
And our ribs to much protesting  
'Gainst a threatened visitation

Of acute rheumatic twinges,  
Or of merciless lumbago.

But, a truce to moralizing,  
When that Cuban band is waiting,  
With its instruments peculiar,  
With its *sans-culottish* costumes,  
Which, though scant, demand no pity,  
For that band is no banditti,  
But excites mild admiration,  
Rising, sometimes, through gradations,  
To a state of blank amazement  
That would strike the ghost of Mozart,  
Appal Meyerbeer or Haydn,  
Roll great Handel in his coffin,  
Set Mendelssohn to prancing,  
Draw forth shrieks from Donizetti,  
Or from Verdi, or Bellini;  
But would meet with loud approval  
From that school that's called "The  
Future;"

That uproarious school of Wagner's,  
The composer of "the Future,"  
Whose free spirit darts at random  
Through the planetary system,  
Piling Pelion upon Ossa,  
Making melodies for maelstroms;  
Lively waltzes for the cyclones;

Soothing serenades for earthquakes ;  
Grand marches for the world's end,  
When the seven seals are broken ;  
And the comets paralyzing,  
By his grand instrumentations,  
Which halt all the little Pleiades  
With the fiat of a prophet,  
And make cataclysms preachers  
At the strait-laced Quaker-meetings,—  
At all coming peace-conventions.

But our band of olive bottles,  
Of tin pans and wooden buckets,  
Of accordions and triangles,  
Makes very lively music  
For the light fantastic figures,  
And for toes light and fantastic,  
Of the raven-haired *hidalgos*,  
With luxuriant moustaches,  
And for lovely *señoritas*,  
Floating through their mazy dances,  
*Sui generis* in their style :  
In their style of dancing figures ;  
In their purely Cuban steps,  
Which are most serenely graceful,—  
Like a rivulet's gentle swell,  
Or like drap'ry swelled by zephyrs  
In the young moon's silv'ry sheen.

*“Art Thou a Spirit of Health,  
or——”*

Hark! can this be fact or fancy,  
That so swells upon the breezes,  
Like some hoofs a poet mentions,  
That come tramping o’er the hill-tops?  
Are those sounds, now heard, but dream-  
ings?

Are those tones of fearful boding  
Mere imagination’s echoes?  
Only frightful apparitions,  
Like the ghosts that tortured Richard,  
Or the dagger leading Macbeth  
To the bedside of King Duncan?  
They are such, or demonstration  
Of a fact there’s no ignoring.  
By a real peace apostle,  
Who professes vague objection  
To a storm of ugly phrases,  
Or to murmurs of displeasure.  
Still, methinks, are heard loud voices,  
Raised in earnest protestation  
’Gainst imagination stark mad!  
’Gainst protracted quarter-sections,

And abortive lame instalments,  
Such as this of the Cubanos,  
Smoking mild or strong *tabacos* ;  
Which they do in halls and parlors,  
And in presence of the ladies,  
Whose refinement's never startled  
By the fumigating process ;  
But regards it as a custom  
Which, as husbands mostly practice,  
'Twould be squeamish to object to  
In preliminary courtship,  
Or in tolerated friendship :  
So, the gentlemen, thus licensed,  
Have no scruple about smoking,  
Either mild or strong *tabacos*,  
Though they like best the *cigarros*,—  
Things rolled up in slips of paper,  
Which *our* rising generation  
Is quite apt in imitating ;  
But 'tis cigarettes we call them ;  
Though the name is little matter,  
As fair Juliet tells her Romeo,  
When she speaks to him of roses  
Smelling sweet by other titles.

There is now no more delusion ;  
Fate, itself, is not more certain ;  
There's no doubt about those voices,



Or their remonstrating accents :  
And their earnest protestations  
Are not subdued like Romeo's,—  
When he wants to be a gauntlet,  
Like a Sara Bernhardt gauntlet ;  
Or, perhaps, a Langtry gauntlet,  
Or a sixteen-button gauntlet,  
Or a fancy-colored glovelet,  
On fair Juliet's rosy fingers :  
Or would be as well contented  
As a freckle on her forehead,—  
As the daintiest of mole-spots  
On her cheek of rarest peach-blown ;  
On her chin so sweetly dimpled !  
And, so dying to be near her—  
As her perforated plaster,—  
Perforated by Dan Cupid—  
That his compromising spirit  
Would consent to be a slipper,  
Or a flower that she trod on,  
As she rambled through the garden :  
A forget-me-not he'd rather,  
But would be a dandelion,  
Just to be *her* dandy-lion,  
If she'd take him as her poodle,  
Or just pet him as her lion,  
Or just be his little lambkin,

Or confess her love for lions !  
For a lover is a noodle,  
When he's first inoculated  
With the tender-passion's virus :  
Which begets *delirium tremens*  
Of an aggravated nature,  
And leads often to dyspepsia,—  
That's the appetite's destruction,—  
And assails a vital organ ;  
Which may lead to the contraction,  
If it don't make sure enlargement,  
(By affections sympathetic,  
Which should grow in time organic,)  
Of the muscular machin'ry  
Called the human heart by science ;  
Called " the home of soul " by poets,  
When they crown the soul as monarch  
O'er both brain and heart of mortals.

But these voices are not Romeo's,  
Nor like zephyrs among harp-strings,  
Nor like " E " flutes heard by moonlight :  
Heard at midnight's witching hour,  
Playing " Trovatore " music ;  
Breaking hearts with " *misereres*,"  
Drawing tears like corks from bottles,  
When the champagne's running freely !  
And the tears that flow to music,

Gush from Pleasure's painless fountains,—  
Mark such dear delicious pain-throbs,  
That they waken only gladness,  
Which proclaims the pain is sham-pain.

Still, those vocal sounds mean *business*,  
And they rumble with much growling,  
And are mixed with ugly groanings  
'Gainst more labored dissertations  
Of the *Dons* and the *Hidalgos* ;  
Of the slender *señoritas*,  
Whose exceeding high-heeled slippers  
Make them stand upon their tiptoes,  
And encourage growing corn crops  
On their small-sized *understandings*,  
Which, absurdly elevated,  
By impartial regulation,  
In a line below the instep,  
Make the *doñas* seem like *toddlers*,  
When they think they look like walkers.

Oh, those cruel high-heeled slippers !  
Whose thin soles must be considered  
As a paradox protesting  
Against ruined *understandings* !  
Oh, those irreligious slippers !  
Which are libels on Dame Nature ;  
Which assert that ancient madam  
Was entirely mistaken

When, in moulding *Mrs. Adam*,  
To be Adam's consolation,  
She most carelessly omitted  
Placing heels beyond proportion  
In the hollows of her two feet !  
Oh, those unbelieving slippers !  
They ignore the Scripture teachings,  
And assume that the Creator  
Was imperfect in designing  
The great work he executed.  
Oh, those altitud'nous gaiters !—  
Only fit for alligators,  
Or for some such stupid creatures,  
Who don't know when a shoemaker  
Laughs at building up caprices,  
And at follies that he builds up ;—  
Worn by slender *señoritas*,  
And by corpulent *madoñas*,—  
These the ladies who are married,  
Who their friends call by their first  
names,—  
Friends, that is, of both the sexes,—  
And this starts on first acquaintance ;  
And e'en children are familiar  
With *madoñas* and grown daughters !  
Call them *Luz*, or *Enriqueta* ;  
Or *Malvina*, or *Teresa* ;

Or *Luisa*, or *Dolores* ;  
Or *Virginia*, or *Maria* ;  
*Rosalia*, or *Couchita* ;  
Or *Felicia*, or *Mercedes* ;  
Call them anything but "Madam,"  
Call them anything but "Mistress,"  
And, as compliment to maidens,  
Not a maiden is a "miss" here.  
How annoying are those urgents !  
Threat'ning soon to grow insurgents  
If their wishes are not bowed to,  
If they don't get leave of absence,  
If their warning is not heeded ;  
And that warning must be heeded,  
Or those voices must be smothered,—  
Like the still small voice of conscience,  
Or the princes in the Tower,—  
Lest they raise a dreadful riot,  
And refuse more quarter-sections,  
And ignore conceived instalments,  
Trying flights on feeble pinions.

### *Zoological.*

But, ere this instalment closes,  
Like young Love among the roses,  
When he titillates the noses ;

Plays the mischief with affections  
That will agitate the maidens ;  
Its last thoughts are tow'rds those maidens ;  
Tow'rds those tender buds and blossoms,  
Who, in Cuba, are imprisoned  
Like menageried hyenas,  
Or like royal Bengal tigers,  
Behind iron bars like cages :  
Iron bars that cross the windows,  
Which, in size, are like huge barn-doors,—  
Reaching oft from eaves to pavement,—  
Through which wagons may be driven  
Without touching sides or roofing ;  
And, when open, make the insides  
Like the outsides of the houses,  
In their proneness to inspection,  
And to entrance of all noises,  
That resound, and without respite,  
From the morn to dewy evening.  
True it is, those barn-door windows,  
With their many upright irons,  
And some horizontal pieces,  
Adding strength, but little beauty,  
To the prison-like appearance  
Of those free-and-easy mansions ;  
Those monopolizing windows,  
Without sash and without glazing,

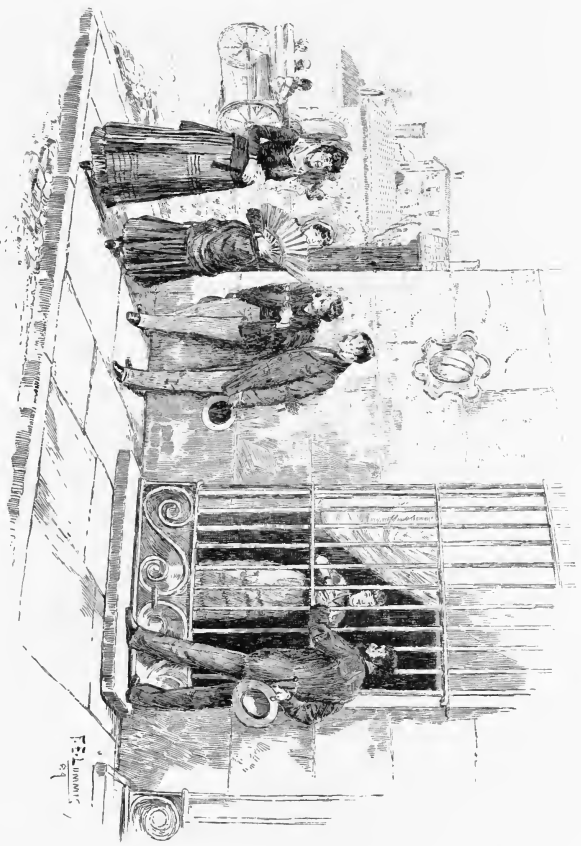
Are protected by those irons  
From impertinent invasion,  
Of sneak-thieves and daring robbers ;  
And are graced with inside shutters,  
Which, till bedtime, are thrown open—  
When the sun is not intrusive—  
As a means of ventilation,  
When the heat is quite oppressive,  
Which it always is in summer,—  
Say from April to November ;  
Yet the nights are not unpleasant,  
Though the days bring perspiration,  
Which is not at all refreshing,  
And is hardly deemed improving  
To the set of men's shirt-collars,  
Or the starch in their shirt-bosoms,  
Or to any kind of clothing  
That demands its weekly washing.  
Thus it is until November,  
When the mercury gets falling,  
Going, sometimes, to the "sixties,"  
And is never high in winter ;  
Which makes winter as delightful  
As the mind can well conceive it :  
So congenial and balmy  
That imaginative vision,  
With slight telescopic power,

Might, in momentary rapture,  
A new paradise baptize it,  
Were it not for some few drawbacks,  
That already have been mentioned.  
But, as the French say in their language,  
When they mean resuming subjects,—  
*Revenons à nos moutons*,—  
Let's return, now, to our young sheep—  
To our *lambs*—in their barred windows,  
Where they look like birds in cages ;  
Where they only see their lovers  
(That's the rule till they're accepted)  
For their interviews so blissful.

Oh, those tantalizing irons  
Which the darlings must be kissed  
through !

They repel divine embraces,  
And cause hearts to vainly languish  
For a passionate compression ;  
For a kind of Cupid's corsets,  
That are always so elastic  
That they never hurt the figure ;  
But support it and sustain it  
Like an India-rubber cushion,  
And that fits as snugly to it  
As the neatest glove imagined,  
That has been upon a stretcher





BEHIND THE BARS.



To get on without a wrinkle.  
And those bars will be recalling  
The familiar old Greek fable  
Of fair Thisbe and Pyramus,  
And the aperture so jealous  
In that abominable wall;  
Not to mention the lost clothing  
Of the daring young Pyramus,  
Or the flower he faintly christened,  
And flung to Thisbe as he died!  
The same flower which tradition  
Says, in accents sympathetic,  
Was borne gently, by the Peris  
Of the Hellespontic waters,  
To the poor distracted maiden,  
As she heard her lost love crying,—  
“Take this flower, with my last sigh,  
And oh, my love, forget-me-not!”

Yes, 'tis sad to see these maidens,  
As a stranger mostly sees them,  
In the gloaming, and the twilight;  
In the starlight, and the gaslight;  
In the kerosene, and moonlight;  
In the naphtha, and the diplight;  
Gazing through their bars of iron,  
Sitting in those ample windows,  
Stepping quite across the windows,

With a various kind of stepping :  
Like the fierce Numidian lion,  
Or the agile kangaroo ;  
Like the cloud-dividing eagle,  
Or the dove with its plaintive " coo ;"  
Like a mourner at a fun'ral,  
Or like a boy who plays " hop-sotch ;"  
Or like some well-devised machine  
That runs regular like a watch ;  
But never like a Yankee girl,  
With her songs as blithe as linnet's,  
Whose hours pass so rapidly  
She's scarce conscious of the minutes.  
While these Cuban *señoritas*,  
Who are so rarely on the street  
That they startle *caballeros*,  
When they may *caballeros* meet ;  
And they're always with *duennas*,  
And are watched by them so closely,  
That the air is made suspicious,  
And says, " Virtue needs much watching !"   
An assertion most insulting  
To the mothers that have borne them ;  
To the sisters they should cherish,  
And, indeed, to all true women,  
Who are virtuous by instinct,  
And by education virtuous :

Who should have freedom of all cities ;  
Have the right to travel freely,  
And in man find a protector,  
From the shadow e'en of insult :  
A protector like a father ;  
A protector like a brother,  
Who, with stalwart blow, and downright,  
Will lay the *sin-verguenza* low ;  
Will lay the interloper low ;  
Knock the villain in the gutter ;  
Toss the coward in a mud-cart ;  
Place an iron heel upon him ;  
Feed his carcass to the vultures.

*Fiat Justitia.*

To avoid all misconception  
Of malevolent intention,  
E'en in mental reservation,  
As in critical avowal,  
Be it known by proclamation,  
Freely made, without suggestion,  
Save spontaneous combustion  
In a heart that's always truthful,  
Making grand illumination  
Of the feelings and the motives

Of a seeker after knowledge,  
Who this cheerfully endorses,—  
This *bona fides* brief disclaimer,  
On the part of *Estrangero*,  
To his gen'rous friends in Cuba.

Naught he sets down in unkindness ;  
Not a word he spoke in malice ;  
No descriptions highly-colored ;  
Rarely is exaggerated,  
Save to reach a piquant standard ;  
And, if painted with some humor,  
Always tinted with good humor,  
And its lights and shadows truthful,  
As the facts from which they issue ;  
And which facts can't be disputed.  
Nothing's meant in the least painful ;  
Nothing wounding to the feelings,—  
Save, perhaps, to morbid feelings,  
Fed on crude, unwholesome diet,  
And on fruits as green as grass is ;  
Craving candies and confections,  
Made piquant by deadly poisons ;  
Made attractive by much scarlet,  
And, than verdigris more verdant ;  
And, to such poor sickly fancies,  
Needing much the skilful treatment  
Of the family physician.

E'en with these this verse is tender,  
And takes pride in oft repeating ;  
And with reason it repeats, that  
Nothing wounding to the feelings  
Can be found in these descriptions,—  
Nothing that reflects on manhood ;  
Naught of women disrespectful ;  
But the incidents of climate,  
The traditions of a people,  
And the customs differential,  
All demand that truth be spoken.

“Tell the truth and shame the devil !”  
Is a splendid chart to sail by  
In voyage o'er life's ocean ;  
And, in storms or balmy weather,  
Nail the Old Boy to the counter ;  
Clinch him till there's no escaping ;  
Stimulate Satanic blushes ;  
Make him haul his ugly horns in ;  
Mutilate that forked organ  
That he fabricates his lies with ;  
Pull the boots from off his old hoofs ;  
Take his tail to low-down grog-shops,  
Where they *retail* evil spirits ;  
Or let butchers cut, and share it  
Out to 'coons and cunning foxes ;  
Draw his teeth by awkward dentists ;

Give his "photos" to "detectives ;"  
In rogue's galleries impale him,  
And, in every other manner,  
Treat him like a street-car driver ;  
Like a mule that's overdriven ;  
Like a poor boy at a frolic ;  
As a laughing-stock expose him  
To the scorn of all creation.

*Not Guilty!*

Now the people are rebelling ;  
Claiming *they* are overdriven,  
And indignant at this pother,  
At this waste of time on nothing ;  
Raising tempests in small teapots,  
Making mountains groan in labor,  
Just to bring forth little white mice ;  
At abuse of "Hiawatha,"  
And of Hiawatha's poet,  
(The grand poet we all love so,)  
In the use of the same measure  
Hiawatha's tale is told in :  
Making free with its sweet measure  
Without leave from its sweet poet.  
And these people must be answered,



And must pause and hear an answer,  
As a simple act of justice,  
Which they'll ne'er be found refusing.

What's the charge preferred against us ?

"Using Hiawatha's measure !"

Guilty, sirs, and yet NOT GUILTY !

"*Lucus*," sirs, "*a non lucendo* !"

Surely this cannot be sinful !

Or if sinful, then all poets,

Of all ages and all nations,

Are amongst the greatest sinners ;

For they all have used the metres

Other poets have invented.

All the imagery of Scriptures,

Draping thoughts of inspiration,

Follow forms that Egypt furnished,

Or that Babylon had borrowed

From the poets of Chaldea.

Homer, who had been the model

Of all poets and pretenders,

Since the days when fickle Helen

Fled to Paris from her liege lord,—

Homer, too, his grand thoughts freighted,

Doubtless, o'er the roads constructed

By some unknown bards, more ancient

Than frail Helen and the Trojans.

Byron, if this accusation

Damages our *Estrangero*,—  
Byron, then, has damaged Spenser  
In his poem of “Childe Harold ;”  
Shelley’s quite beyond salvation ;  
Milton’s blindness cannot save him ;  
Pope has copied many measures,  
And Saint Peter cannot help him !  
While the very Bard of Avon,—  
The anatomist of Nature,—  
The immortal poet Shakspeare,—  
The world’s light through all the ages,  
He, too, must be wrecked and ruined  
By this reckless condemnation ;  
Or, perhaps, some carping critics,—  
Paragons of wit and learning,—  
Grand high-priests among wiseacres,  
Have decreed, in solemn conclave,  
That the Cuban *Estrangero*  
Has no civil rights worth naming,  
(By decision like “Dred Scott” case,)  
Not, at least, by would-be Solons.  
So they’ll vote him disrespectful,  
(He, alone, poor *Estrangero* !)  
And presumptuous, in attempting  
Such a fearful desecration,  
As to run his locomotive  
O’er Longfellow’s self-constructed,

Easy-running, patent railroad,  
Just to show, in the home market,  
His own cars, with his own thinkings,  
Brought from Cuba for an airing.

*Scribes and Pharisees.*

Oh, these *scribes* of oily jargon !  
Oh, these Pharisees so righteous !  
Oh, these "Daniels come to judgment !"   
Dare they think such thoughts as these  
are ?

Dare they breathe that accusation,  
That *our* poet's desecrated  
By a *stranger's* veneration ?  
Which is all he means, adopting  
Hiawatha's flowing measure ;  
And he claims to worship, nearly,  
Hiawatha's noble poet,  
For his goodness and his greatness ;  
For the treasures of his fancy,  
And the wealth he freely lavished  
From his mind's exhaustless storehouse,  
For humanity's improvement :  
To alleviate its pain-throbs ;  
And, by " Psalm of Life," instructing,—

Teaching it in one sweet lesson  
How to live here, and to die here.

*The Evangelists.*

Surely, for such cranks, 'twere gracious  
To remit them to the care of  
Those evangels of the hour,  
Who, 'tis said, will soon depart for—  
On a mission fraught with mercy—  
The famed "Coral Strand" of India.  
Send them off to Brother Moody,  
Or that charming singer—Sankey,  
Who makes naughty cranks less cranky ;  
Teach them gospel of salvation,  
Which is action, ever action ;  
Which is *work*, and without ceasing,  
For the poor in purse and spirit.  
And if Moody will accept them,  
And if Sankey don't reject them,  
*As examples to be prayed for !*  
They will prove themselves deserving  
Of the *éclat* that attends them  
In their circumnavigation ;  
In their travels on their missions,  
Calling loudly on the heathen,

(And, like Orpheus of old did,  
Gaining proselytes by music,)  
In their sacred songs and speeches,  
And instructing them in music.  
And the *heathen* are not only  
Those who never read the Bible ;  
For the very worst of heathens  
Are the ones who, by their motives,  
Show their faith is but pretension ;  
Who won't "bear their cross" and follow  
In the footsteps of their Saviour ;  
Who don't grasp the thoughts He taught  
    them ;  
Who don't live the life He patterned ;  
Who don't keep their little "lamps  
    trimmed,"  
And won't shelter little stray lambs ;  
Never feed the sick and hungry,  
Or attempt to clothe the naked ;  
Yet who boldly seek their Master,  
And, with bloated air of goodness,  
Meant to call divine attention  
To their sanctified perfections ;  
With the look of claimed dominion,  
And of right none dare deny them,—  
Approach fearlessly His mansion ;  
Dust their shoes with 'broidered kerchief ;

Deck their lips with smiles and simpers ;  
Smooth their lovely locks and whiskers ;  
Twirl their dapper little canes round ;  
And then knock, like penny postman,  
With no claim to free admission,—  
Without faintest right of entrance ;  
With presumption which Saint Peter  
Needs no hints to be rebuking ;  
Which deserves, and may receive, too,  
A most fitting compensation  
From a well-conditioned sandal,  
With a thick and very hard sole,  
Doing justice to a *hard soul*  
That no charity had softened ;  
That no sympathy had kindled ;  
That no pity had unsteadied ;  
That no mercy had prevailed on ;  
That no brotherhood would welcome.

*On Dit.*

And they say—these testy people—  
That they've heard enough of Cuba ;  
That this bashful *Estrangero*  
Is a case of *meningitis*,  
Is a Yankee Don Quixote,—  
(Call, oh ! call this *Don Key-ho-tee*,

Or you ruin name and language,  
And you amputate the measure,—  
Make it limp or go on crutches,—)  
Is a Yankee *Don Quixote*,  
But without his Sancho Panza,  
(Who was such a funny fellow;  
Who was better than a circus,)  
Tilting wildly at old wind-mills,  
Which should knock his addled brains  
out;  
Who deserves, like Sancho Panza,  
To be tossed up in a blanket  
Till he could not know what hurt him,  
When, to earth again located,  
He would feel as dislocated  
As a traveller belated,  
And becudgelled by marauders;  
Or be sent off to an island,—  
Not to Sancho Panza's island,—  
To a St. Helena island,  
Like the Emperor Napoleon  
When the English caught "Nap" napping,  
When his Waterloo they gave him,  
With much aid from Marshal Blücher,  
And in *lieu* of other water,  
Or of wine for which he thirsted  
When he'd drained the bitter goblet

Which Adversity presented  
To those lips whose lightest word had  
Hushed a continent to silence,  
And made nations deferential.

But these people are mistaken,  
Whether men, or maids, or matrons ;  
Whether critics or proud patrons—  
Who know twice as much as authors—  
Know it,—in their own opinions,  
Which, like faith when firmly held to,  
May with ease remove a mountain,  
Or transform a flimsy fiction  
Into a Gibraltar castle  
With impregnable defences,  
Or with such as are pronounced so ;  
Which has been assailed for ages ;  
Which, for ages after ages,  
Has repelled all its assailants,  
And, like Dunsinane's famed castle,  
On its hill-top proudly standing,  
When the "moving wood" approached it,  
Might, without internal treason,  
To adopt the tyrant's language,  
Or to paraphrase it slightly,  
Laugh at siege with scorn and laughter.

These good friends and thoughtful  
neighbors,



They are certainly mistaken  
By a premature conclusion,  
For our modest *Estrangero*  
Never deals in angry tempests,  
Nor makes mountains out of mole-hills ;  
Nor approves he of obstetrics  
To relieve the groaning mountains,  
In their pains of parturition,  
For the advent of small white mice.  
This mild-mannered *Estrangero*  
Speaks of sights he has been seeing,  
Tells of thoughts he has been thinking,  
Which, like nuts with acrid kernels,  
Have some sanitary substance  
That is either sweet or wholesome ;  
And, when properly digested,  
Need not plead for condonation,  
Or compound for toleration.  
And, if tasting sometimes bitter,  
(That may be—as it is often—  
But a reflex of the palate,  
From the liver out of order,)  
'Twill relieve a wasting fever,  
As alterative undoubted,  
And with potent tonic virtue.  
Just like quinine from the druggists,  
'That's dispensed, but not dispensed with ;

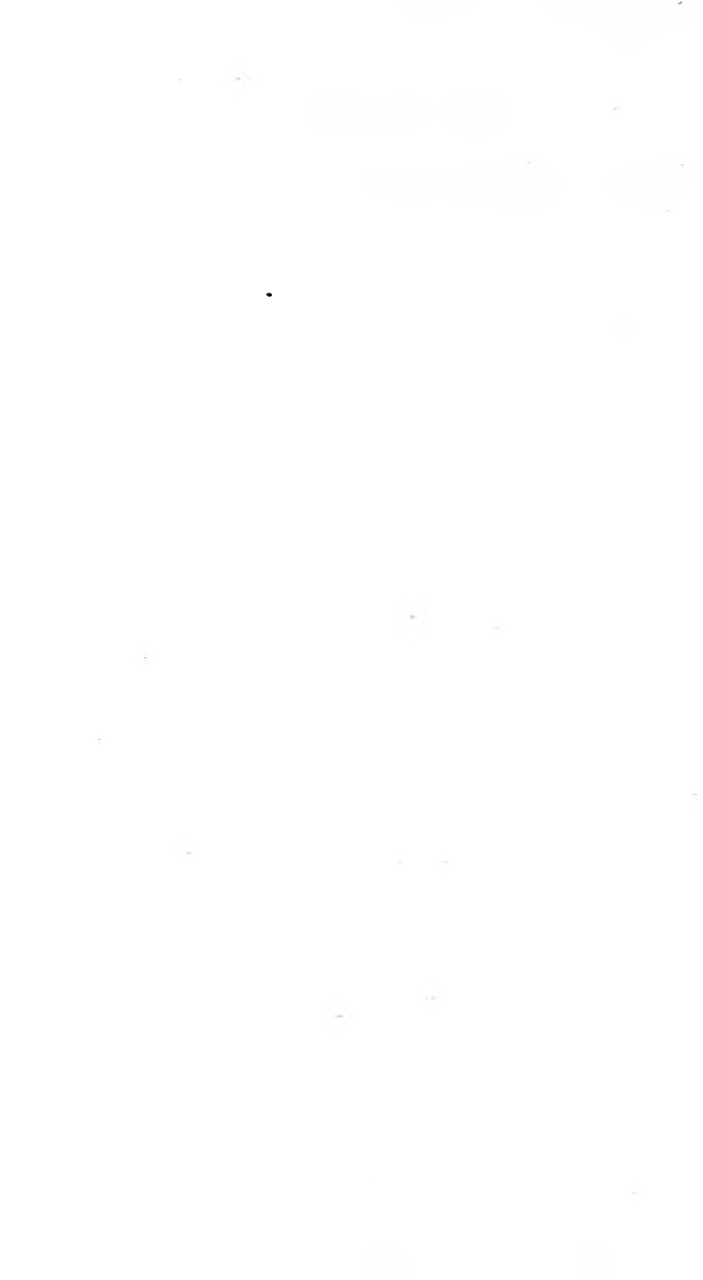
For there is no cure for fever  
So infallible as quinine ;  
And, for ills that flesh is heir to,  
Whether of the mind or body,  
There's no remedy discovered  
That's not sometimes so unpleasant  
As to make a patient patient  
Grow quite restive and impatient.

*P. P. C.*

But these clamorers for quiet ;  
These good people, late so gentle,  
Want respite from *quarter-sections*,  
And a rest from this *instalment* ;  
And, indeed, they well have earned it  
By their patience under duress ;  
By their uncomplaining patience :  
And forthwith they all shall have it,  
If, with glances sympathetic,  
They'll shake hands with *Estrangero*,—  
Bid "adieu" to *Estrangero*,  
And his song of the *Cubanos* ;  
Say "farewell !" but not forever,  
To this rambling *Estrangero*,  
Till he comes again amongst them,

With new thoughts and their corrections,  
Which may bear minute inspections,—  
Some time after the elections ;  
After fermentation ceases,  
In this “land of the hereafter ;”  
In this Presidential year.

THE END.















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